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TRAVELS

IN

BIBLE LANDS:

Italy, Egypt, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine.

BY

REV. EMERSON ANDREWS, A.B., A.M.,

EVANGELIST.

AUTHOR OF "REVIVAL SERMONS," "LIVING LIFE,"
"YOUTH'S PICTURE SERMONS," ETC.

SECOND THOUSAND.

The liberal soul shall be made fat. — *Solomon.*
For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. — *Phil.* i. 21.

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PREFACE.

ANOTHER volume for you and for the millions. Verily, of the making of books there is no end. So let it be of all the true, good, and useful. Truth and virtue are really mighty; yea, stronger far than base fiction or charming vice, and must finally prevail. Godliness, too, is ever profitable. We have the promise: it is only a matter of time. O, then, let us raise high the banner of the Cross, and roll back the raging tide of error, vice, and destruction! Sin and Satan are yet running riot.

Can we not timely interest and benefit the dear youth and the reading community with Bible truth, scenes, food, and facts of real life, with good hopes of the future? Let us ever try, and trust, and pray, and watch, and rejoice.

While quite young I began to attend the Sunday school, to read the Bible and religious books, and also to peruse history, travels, and scientific works. So I have always been careful to select choice and profitable works, as I would good company, well adapted to expand, develop, and discipline the mind, to invigorate and elevate the heart and soul, to store and

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strengthen the memory, to vitalize, direct, and establish the will in prosecuting good resolutions for God, for humanity, and for heaven. Blessed birthright!

But especially did I feel my responsibility, and cherish a thirst for sacred knowledge, after my conversion to God — to do good, and to win souls to Christ.

Thus after reading, musing, praying, and preaching, I longed for and often and anxiously contemplated a visit to the Holy Land and other sacred places of Bible fame, that I might learn, profit, and enjoy somewhat, and be a more efficient minister. So Providence, in due time, opened the way, granted my request, and crowned the arduous enterprise with large success.

I had previously visited England, Ireland, Scotland, and France, being a delegate and visitor to the World's Temperance Convention, to the Evangelical Alliance, and to other religious bodies. But I could not be satisfied short of seeing the hallowed places, and of treading in the very footsteps of Christ and the Bible worthies. So I went, saw, felt, spoke, wrote, preached, and prayed, and have ever thanked God for this unspeakable privilege. I have returned, I trust, a wiser, richer, better, and happier man, and a more efficient Evangelist. To God be all and endless praise!

During my tour I preached many sermons, of which I have written these sketches since my foreign letters were published in the American Baptist in New York.

Learning, on my return home, that my letters were read with much interest and profit by friends in Sunday schools and in families, I soon resolved to collect, revise, and publish the same in a volume for their special use. O, let us forestall the wily enemy, and fill the minds of the young with sacred truth and pure thoughts.

Being often asked for the little things, items, and incidents of travels, as well as the great, I here give you the whole, truly, freely, and in all its variety. In addition to illustrations of historic places, which are of interest to all classes, I have had a few illustrations put in especially for my young friends.

Now, my dear friend and reader, I have great pleasure in presenting you this book of TRAVELS IN BIBLE LANDS, as a pure and prayerful gift, hoping thereby to do your soul good, and to advance the Redeemer's kingdom.

Now let me enjoy your prayers, and share your earnest co-operation in holding up Mount Zion's banner, till the world shall be filled with peace and crowned with glory.

EMBRSON ANDREWS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., July, 1871.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

I AM grateful, dear readers, for appreciation and kind assurances; so I am inspired to give you a Second Edition, to make any sacrifice in my power to give true inquirers all truths, useful facts, and sacred instruction, for *their good.* "The reader," says the NATIONAL MONITOR, "while perusing this Book of Travels, can imagine himself gazing at the relics and surviving splendors of Oriental antiquity, on which the traveller and historian love to dwell." *Here is multum in parvo.* May the Lord guide us in our pilgrimage to the NEW JERUSALEM.

E. A.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May, 1874.

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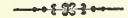

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CHAPTER I.

SERMON (ON SHIPBOARD): CHRIST AND HIS CROSS.

"For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." — 2 Cor. iv. 5.

BRETHREN and friends, fellow-passengers on the ship, and fellow-voyagers on the sea of time to the wide ocean of eternity, let us now look to the Holy Bible as our chart, and to Christ as the Captain of our salvation. Herein is our sure hope and happiness.

In the good providence of God we are gathered on this fine ship, amidst ample provisions for life and comfort, outfitted for our passage on the broad Atlantic to England and France. Thus I am bound to the "Bible lands."

It seems fit, in the nature of things, and in

view of our spiritual prospects, that we, on ship-board, and on this Lord's day, should bow ourselves in the worship of Jehovah, and ask his gracious protection.

I was glad when the courteous captain expressed the kind and ardent wish of the officers and cabin passengers, and desired me to preach on this interesting occasion. A goodly number of us profess the religion of Jesus Christ, and some others are interested for their own souls' salvation.

We have just been delighted and refreshed in singing that good old hymn, "The Star of Bethlehem," giving the Christian experience of Kirke White in nautical poetic language. How appropriate, and how full of revival instruction and rich grace!

Everything around us is full of interest, wonder, majesty and revelation. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament shows his handywork. Day unto day utters speech, and night unto night shows knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the

end of the world." Truly creation reveals invisible things of the great eternal power and Godhead, so that sinners have no excuse. All have the light of nature, and are condemned by it. They are verily guilty, and are punished accordingly.

Behold now the revelation of grace, eclipsing all other manifestations. Life and immortality are brought to light by the glorious gospel. Here is the key of knowledge, happiness, and heaven. In the Bible we behold, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, and are changed into the same image from glory to glory, by the Holy Spirit. Now, if any man will do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine; and to know it aright is life eternal. To-day, my friends, you may share salvation.

Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world! What more could the Saviour have done for our rescue? How guilty and wretched are they who finally neglect the great salvation!

Jesus Christ left the glories of heaven for earth, to save you, and me, and other lost sinners. He walked on the land and on the sea,

and wrought many and mighty miracles of mercy, but was despised and rejected by sinful Jews and Gentiles. Though he was the Creator of all things, and the only Benefactor and Saviour of mankind, he was cradled in a manger, and while on earth was refused a place to lay his head. How mysterious!

Look, and see Jesus healing the sick, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and raising the dead! But see him insulted, betrayed, crucified, buried, raised, and going about for forty days, showing himself, revealing the Scriptures, giving the great commission to his disciples, and then ascending up into heaven! Behold now the blessed Saviour, sitting at the right hand of God, making intercession for us! Here is our only hope and salvation.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!" This is our theme, our only hope, our success, our victory, and our crown.

We preach Christ Jesus the Lord, as did Paul, the great apostle, and present ourselves as servants, for Jesus' sake. He who has ears to

"THE CROSS OUR ONLY HOPE."

hear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches. O, be wise, and let your profiting be known to all men. It is our great duty and divine commission to show forth the power and practicability of the blessed gospel; to be living epistles of Christ; to be the light of the world, and the salt of the earth. We see light in Christ's light. He is our all and in all; our Alpha and Omega.

Christ is our Creator, Preserver, and Saviour. In him dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. He is the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person: so we should worship and serve him, keep all his commands and ordinances, and walk blamelessly before God and man.

Christ has purchased salvation for us, and granted us a day of grace. Therefore it becomes every soul to repent of his sins, and to accept of divine mercy — so ample, free, worthy, and all-satisfying. Ho! every one who thirsts, come!

The Holy Spirit convinces of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come; therefore yield your heart, will, and powers to his bidding.

As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. There is no condemnation to those who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

Let no one grieve nor quench the Holy Spirit! For his office-work is to convince, convert, sanctify, and glorify. He takes the things of time and eternity, — heaven, earth, and hell, — and dashes the burning light of God and truth right across the sinner's vision, as no earthly eloquence can do, as no imagination can conceive. He melts the hard heart, and leads the contrite soul to the bleeding cross, to behold the forgiving Saviour, to believe and be saved. So, he "reads his title clear to those heavenly mansions in the skies," and goes on his way rejoicing, singing redeeming love! Herein is peace like a river, and righteousness like the waves of the sea. The Spirit leads the faithful into all truth, into Christ, into heaven.

The Lord raises up and sends forth godly preachers to "blow the gospel trumpet," to warn, invite, and welcome wanderers home. So they go forth into all the world to preach Christ to lost sinners, and to win broken-hearted souls

to Christ and to glory. Therefore believe, and be immersed, and testify to your faith and hope in the Saviour's resurrection, and that of all the righteous through him, to a blessed immortality. Christ is God's unspeakable gift. Will you accept him, and make your election sure?

Religion is just what all sinners need, and must have, or be lost forever. It is our great panoply. It is the consolation and support of all Christians.

"They who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Truly we are instructed and greatly blessed to-day. How grateful we should be! and how prayerful and faithful should be the officers and the crew! How befitting for us here on the rolling ocean, on our way to Europe, — yes, on our way to death and judgment, — to prepare to meet God! Is there an unbeliever present? One out of Christ? One unfit for heaven? Now, then, take to Jesus, to the Life-boat, and board the old ship Zion, and be saved forever! Brethren, let us all pray, thank God, and take courage.

"We'll stem the storm; it won't be long;
We'll anchor by and by."

May we — passengers, officers, and crew — take Jesus Christ for our Captain, Pilot, Physician, Saviour, and all; the Bible for our chart, compass, glass, lead, and log; duties for our rations and health; and final perseverance in well-doing, to secure the heavenly port and prize!

Thus trusting in God, we shall make the haven of rest and eternal glory. Now let us sing the "Bower of Prayer." Receive the benediction. Amen.

CHAPTER II.

LETTER: PASSAGE TO FRANCE.

OFF to the "Bible lands"! A pilgrim to the sacred world! Thus my record runs.

When my solemn duty to God and to man was fully decided, — with my passport and letters of introduction in pocket, and all ready for my Oriental voyage, — I took my passage in the old steamship Ariel, Captain Ludlow, of New York.

There were about three hundred souls on board, in the first and second cabins, and in the steerage, besides the officers and crew.

The impassioned scene of friends parting with their "beloved ones" was soul-thrilling and heart-rending. It cited me to the awful separations of friends, families, and neighbors at the

judgment day. What an eternal sundering then of saints from sinners!

Our dear brethren Ward and Taylor, and many others of the city, came to see me off. And having kindly saluted us, I cheerfully reciprocated their friendship, and bade them and my other American friends an affectionate farewell. Steam already up, plank now drawn in, and the moving signal given, at twelve o'clock on Saturday, the 30th of October, away we sailed for Europe.

Nothing of note took place after leaving till we reached the "Narrows" of New York Bay, when we all came to a sudden halt. Some of the steerage passengers had "bogus tickets," and could not proceed till all was settled. All things soon adjusted, onward we steamed. Soon rain and east wind came vehemently upon us. On the morning of our first Lord's day the ocean was boisterous, and all of us were too seasick for public worship; so we read the 107th Psalm, verses 21–30, many times over, and praised God for his goodness, wonderful works, and matchless grace. There are beauty and sublimity on the ocean — winds playing on waves, whales spouting, and porpoises sporting around the

ship; while birds of varied plumage join with the flying-fish to interest and edify the weary passengers on the mighty deep.

On the second Lord's day out, all being calm and favorable, the cabin passengers, through the politeness of the captain, invited me to preach to them. I did so, and apparently with blessed effect. It was a solemn, melting season.

Soon after service, head winds blew again terribly; then the rain poured down in awful torrents, the thunder and lightning intensified the gloomy scene, a perfect gale sprang up, a hurricane was immediately upon us. Here our staunch ship rolled and labored, but still ploughed the mighty ocean waves. Great consternation for a while seized the passengers, and prompted many to look to the Lord for wisdom and help. In a few days more all was calm, and we were cheerful as ever, wending our way to "the desired haven."

On the third Lord's day we had no public worship, except the usual "blessing" asked at the table, for the passengers generally were so eager to get sight of land that preaching was suspended.

On the 17th of November we made Southampton, England; and after spending a day, we left, and on the 19th made the port of Havre, France.

Here we landed, in health, with grateful and happy hearts, after a diversified and somewhat stormy and dangerous passage, amidst adverse winds, shifting hopes, fears, and joys, in twenty days from New York. Thanks be to God for infinite mercies!

After seeing the new sights in Havre, and the old city of Rouen, I came via railroad to Paris. Truly I find great improvements made, except in morals, since I was here twelve years ago, at the time of their "Three Days Fêtes," or great celebration.

Last Lord's day, I attended worship at the "American Chapel," where Rev. Mr. Seeley officiated in the morning, according to the Episcopal form; and in the afternoon, without his robes, conducted worship in Presbyterian style. He did not, I suppose, really "change his coat," but it looked rather singular, changeable, and accommodating for a Presbyterian minister.

I worshipped at two other Protestant chapels,

and heard some excellent sermons in English. There are some good things and people yet in Paris.

I am interested and delighted amidst great privileges and splendid scenery in this central city. But when I leave, after a few days, I shall visit Italy, Egypt, Greece, and Palestine.

On the following Wednesday, we had a very interesting missionary "semi-centenary," at Rue Royale, in the Methodist Chapel. Some eight or ten ministers were present, and a good audience. A number spoke.

After reading the reports, and giving numerous statistics of success, Rev. Mr. Seeley, of the American Chapel, offered various resolutions, which, by request, I seconded and supported; also another resolution to appoint a committee to fix the place and time to hold a union prayer-meeting, in view of a revival in Paris. This last I most heartily spoke in favor of. Yea, I had the privilege of "preaching" the pure gospel in the "heart of the wicked world." O, my brethren, I assure you we had a warm, hearty revival — a brotherly, Christian, true love-feast! The ministers, and some lay-brethren

from America and elsewhere, spoke as if God moved them by his Spirit.

O, pray for Paris and the world! and may the Lord bless his feeble, faithful few, till every nation shall worship God in spirit and in truth! God is able, and grace is promised. My spirit was really refreshed by the revival spirit and heart-reciprocity of the meeting — this growing oasis in a spiritual desert! What a feast we had, while surrounded with rank popery and infidelity! But I am off for Rome.

CHAPTER III.

SERMON (IN PARIS): BROTHERLY LOVE.

"Let brotherly love continue." — Heb. xiii. 1.

BRETHREN and friends, assembled here in Paris, in this "metropolis of the world," at this missionary meeting, to celebrate the semi-centenary of Methodism, I need not say that it gives an American Christian unspeakable joy to meet and share with these beloved brethren in the interesting and refreshing services of this anniversary. Truly we have an overflowing table, surrounded with happy guests — a feast of reason, fullness of heart, and a flow of soul. Thoughts breathe with life, and words burn with love. I thank you, dear friends, and bless the Lord, for this distinguished privilege.

I have left America, three thousand miles away, to enjoy this interesting occasion, to participate in other religious devotions and enterprises, and to prosecute my travels in "Bible lands." I am most heartily glad of this opportunity to meet, mingle, pray, sing, and speak with the children of God of divers tongues, clearly speaking the language of Canaan. Some eight or ten different speakers here, representing as many different nationalities and a rich variety of denominations, have struck the same key-note and focal point of Christian union and effort.

True religion I find to be the same in all climes and kingdoms. I am ever resolved to reciprocate with my fellow-Christians of various names in devotions, labors and reformations, as far as we can mutually cherish our reason, conscience, and the Bible. Then, being filled with the Holy Spirit, we shall not fall out by the way, but be fellow-helpers to the truth and to Zion. Let us co-operate, and labor for revivals, and ever preach for the conversion of sinners, and hail the foretaste and full fruition of the promised millennium.

A motion has been made and seconded to institute a "Union Daily Prayer-meeting" in this city. I rejoice. This is an important movement in the right direction. The cause demands it. Now, with the securing of a place, and the appointment of the time, and the faithful perseverance in duty, you may surely expect a great spiritual blessing on this Christian enterprise. I rejoice to say that in America we have many such meetings, well attended, well sustained, very interesting, and profitable. Short prayers, short speeches, warm exhortations, earnest requests for prayers for the conversion of sinners, — present or absent, — interspersed with spiritual singing, mark the exercises, and are attended with great success. Sometimes reports are made coming from distant states, and those nearer by, of conversions, revivals, or reformations, in answer to the union of prayer and the union of effort. How cheering and reviving to the true Christians! We thank God and take courage as promises are fulfilled, and new trophies of grace are proclaimed. Warm hearts, with gratitude and thanksgiving, inspire loud hosannas from the joyful multitudes. I

hope God will grant you like blessings, and more abundant. Revivals are all-important for us and for you.

The city of Paris — the centre of the civilized nations of the earth — demands our sympathy, prayers, zealous spiritual co-operation in evangelizing her millions of citizens and surrounding subjects. Were Paris Christianized, what a mighty lever or engine of reformatory power we should have for the conquest of the world! Verily I have felt much interest for this city and suburbs, and for Christian missions in other quarters of Christendom and heathendom, ever since my conversion to Jesus Christ.

I am joyful and very grateful for the present expression of brotherly love and union. May this be but the beginning of a revival wave to sweep the world! We would most gladly welcome you all in America, and, at last, share with you in heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

LETTER: THE WONDERS OF ROME.

GOING to Rome? Nay, I am here, at last, resting in my easy-chair and hired room. How wonderful! how interesting! What associations rush upon my mind! But I am really in the "City of Seven Hills" and the home of the Cæsars.

My journey from Paris, via railroad, through the fine cities of Dijon and Lyons, and through a rich, rolling farming country, was truly interesting; while the distant and surrounding scenery of high hills, rocky mountains, rivers, and ravines, interspersed with life and art, gave enchantment to the view.

The river Rhone is fine and meandering, and beautifully lined, on each side, with rich varieties.

Marseilles is a seaport, an old city, very dead and dreary, except in the new part, which has recently sprung up from the increased interest in navigation, and the building of a new, capacious harbor.

From Marseilles I came by steamboat to Civita Vecchia, a city, harbor, and military post, but otherwise of little importance. The fare all along is rather high, but living and accommodations are good.

Next I took the diligence for fifty miles along the coast, — abounding in beggars, — from seven o'clock in the evening till seven the next morning, and was well jostled up hill and down, till I was glad to find a resting-place in old Rome. I here took up my lodgings at the "Hotel de la Minerve," a fine house.

By the way, I must not omit to mention that I was an honored "bearer of U. S. A. despatches" from Paris to Rome, from minister to minister, and to our consul. I had all the concomitants and privileges of "a man of state."

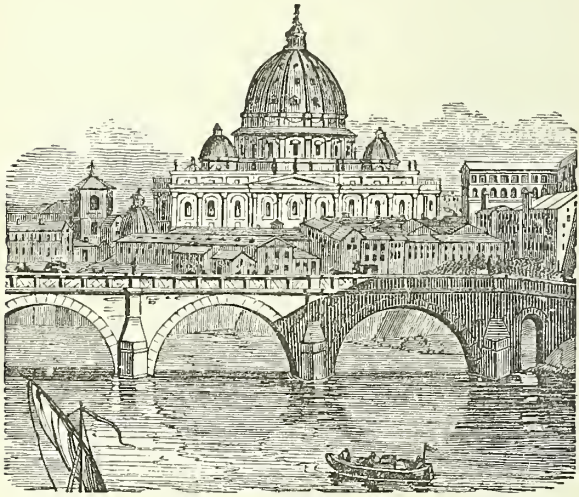
I have called on our minister, Mr. Stockton, ex-minister Cass, and Mr. Glentworth, our consul. All of these "honorable gentlemen" have

honored me with their calls and valuable civilities.

Since my arrival here it has rained most of the time, yet I have been busy in "sight-seeing." I have already visited the noted splendid ruins, the palaces of the Cæsars, the Coliseum, the old Forum, also the Vatican, St. Peter's, studios of Bartholomew and Crawford, reading rooms, picture galleries, and numerous other places of interest, over the Tiber, outside and inside of the city, besides the Amphitheatre, great museums, fountains, monuments, squares, statues, and fine architectural churches. St. Peter's excels anything that I ever saw. It is equal to some twenty of our city churches in size and capacity. Its statuary also, with its mosaic pictures, fine proportions, and exquisite finish, from the variegated marble floor and the sunk panelled walls to the zenith of the great dome, some four hundred and fifty feet high, are all exquisitely beautiful and sublime as imagination can conceive, or ability execute. Art has here taxed all her powers.

In this vast cathedral I have attended mass twice. It seemed very solemn, and sometimes

awful, amidst all the surroundings. The music of the organs, choirs, beating of drums, choruses and responses, were all in the most perfect artistic style and taste. The sing-song reading and



VIEW OF ST. PETER'S FROM THE TIBER.

reciting, with the singing, were most euphonious, melodious, sweet, and pathetic. Christ, too, in figure, was elevated on the cross. Hundreds of long candles were burning; incense was smoking; multitudes were kneeling; scores

of robed priests were officiating; soldiers were attending in full uniform; and all combined to make a picture and an impression never witnessed or known but in Papal Rome. But what is mere form or pageantry, without the power or the piety? The heart must be renewed.

The people generally seem poor, ignorant, idle, and depraved; a few officials are rich. A *priest* even came to my room as a beggar. The rich grind the poor.

I am truly delighted with the fine arts, but I am heartily disgusted with the morality and religious mockery of Papal Rome. Yet, on last Lord's day, I visited again the old Vatican, and was admitted to the interior. Here I saw the "august Pope," in pontifical garb, and witnessed his ceremonies in the celebration of "high mass." This was a solemn, splendid romance. At ten o'clock A. M., the Sistine Chapel doors were thrown open to worshippers and visitors in high dress, — for those in meaner apparel were actually turned away, — and each entrance was guarded by a band of soldiers in full uniform. O, how unlike the religion of the cross! Priests and novices then thronged the aisles. Visitors

and representatives of all nations, long on tip-toe, now make a general rush for places, and to see the lion of the day.

The cardinals, some thirty in number, in trailing purple silk robes, came with majestic tread and pompous airs, while their pages walked close behind, holding up their long trails by a silk cord and tassel, till these magnates were each duly seated all around. Soon followed the archbishop, in grand attire, wearing a splendid mitre, bowing, courtesying, kneeling, and crossing, till seated in his dignity. All gazed with open faces, and strangers asked, in anxious excitement, "Is he the Pope?" A short pause. Soon came in the variously dressed chamberlains, friars, and cross-bearers, making their genuflections and signs; and next followed, in dignified step and style, the Pope himself. The excitement was intense and general. All looked and stared; some bowed and manœuvred; while some others criticised the solemn farce, and forgot to pay reverence to Pope Nino. He was gently led by his aids to a golden bench in front of the gorgeous crucifix. Here the Pope bowed, crossed himself, and knelt, and was then led to an elevated, beau-

tified side seat. His majesty was clothed with a crimson robe, overlaid and interwoven with gold, and wore a tall mitre, red shoes, and white stockings. Behold him! how perfectly antichrist!

The chief bishop now burned incense to the Pope, then to the crucifix, and then to all around. This done, the subordinates went through the ridiculous ceremony of kissing the Pope's hand, — not his toe, — he raising his right hand, while sitting wrapped in his gorgeous apparel, underneath divers thicknesses of silk, so that they actually kissed his robe, or kissed *at* his hand. What folly!

Pope Nino then read, and sang, and spoke very well. The singing was truly excellent. All parts were executed exquisitely. Four eunuchs sang the alto. The various melodious responses, chants, and accompaniments, with drums beating time outside, were, when all combined, in fine keeping with the genius and spirit of Popery. At last the Pope pronounced the benediction, and we left. Yea, I was truly glad to get away from the chapel of the Pope's castle, and to preach Christ elsewhere to sinners.

It is really in St. Peter's, the great cathedral, that you see scores of devotees — yea, hundreds — kiss the big toe of a bronze statue of St. Peter, so called, until the toe is about half worn off by the wiping and kissing. But the statue is really supposed to be one of old Jupiter, consecrated to Popery. Oftentimes persons bow and kiss it, or at it, as if it were the real Pope's toe. But enough of this folly and idolatry. The Lord deliver us!

I had previously been invited to read and conduct Episcopal service, on Sunday morning, in the American chapel, but I declined. In the afternoon, however, I complied with an invitation to preach and conduct worship according to our usages. Blessed time! Here, in the palace of the American Minister, and under the United States flag, I preached to interested hundreds the pure gospel, from Rom. i. 15. Representatives of different nations, speaking English and other languages, were present, and joined in singing praises to God. We had our usual freedom of speech, and shared a precious melting season. We closed the services by singing a psalm, in the tune of Old Hundred, with which

all seemed delighted. So we gave the benediction, and we parted.

The Chargé d'Affaires took me home to supper, and said he felt as if he had made a visit to America that afternoon, and was happy.

To-morrow (D. V.) I shall start via diligence for Naples and Mount Vesuvius, in Southern Italy.

CHAPTER V.

SERMON (IN ROME): PAUL'S MESSAGE TO THE ROMANS.

"So, as much as lies in me, I am ready to preach the good news to you also who are at Rome." — Rom. i. 15.

PAUL, the world's evangelist, preached, wrote, and prayed for the salvation of mankind — Jew and Gentile.

The apostle despatches a long, doctrinal, and practical — yea, experimental and consoling — epistle to the brethren at Rome, by our good sister Phebe, a deaconess.

Paul longs for the privilege of seeing his dear friends face to face, and is ready, at God's bidding, to preach to them and theirs the good news of salvation. He had labored successfully elsewhere, and is now ready for his work at Rome. God invited, heard, and answered his

prayers. In due time Paul, a prisoner, bound in chains, arrived at public expense, had an audience, and preached the kingdom of God to the multitude, till the Jews disagreed, and departed, leaving Paul with his friends to enjoy his liberty. So the apostle "dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all who came to him, preaching the cross with all freedom, no man forbidding him." Praise the Lord!

What a gospel triumph! a Christian victory! Here I am on the old spiritual battle-ground. Here I am in the city of the martyrs, of the Cæsars, of the Popes!

This morning I heard Pope Nino and his priests, listened to the splendid singing, saw the purple-robed cardinals, and wondered at the vain and vaunting formalities in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. There was the form and tinsel, without the power or the soul.

Now, by your polite invitation, under God, I am with you, dear friends, to preach Christ and the resurrection. Here, in the chapel of the American minister, in a palace surmounted by the United States flag of stars and stripes, I

am here robed in silk, after the eustom of Rome and the English clergy, to urge these hundreds, in Christ's stead, to be reeoneiled to God. Truly, my heart is moved under these solemn and interesting eireumstanees. What thrilling associations rush to my mind!

An Ameriean evangelist, four thousand miles away from home, is now standing where Paul stood and preaehed eighteen hundred years ago; and I am now preaehing to representatives of all parts of the world, whom I shall not meet again till the judgment. I feel unusually solemn, and realize my responsibility. Will you pray for me and for yourselves while I address you?

Paul was onee an unbeliever and a rebel of the boldest elass. Graee slew him, and transformed him into the likeness of Jesus. He then began to preaeh the very gospel whieh he had so strenuously opposed. He has now beeome a new man. "Old things are passed away, and all has beeome new." Paul preaehes, and writes, and sends his numerous and inspired epistles to all the world.

The gospel finds sinners as it did Saul of Tarsus, unbelieving, proud, worldly, mad, and re-

bellious. The Holy Spirit comes like a still small voice, or like a mighty rushing wind upon sinners, as the "breath upon the valley of dry bones," and Pentecost is re-enacted, and multitudes are converted to God. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believes; yea, it is the "two-edged sword of God to slay and make alive." It is mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin, Satan, heresy, infidelity, and idolatry.

The gospel is a revelation of God's will, mind, and heart, of time and eternity, to men and angels. Here we can see ourselves, our only hope, and our eternal destinies. Life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel. Let us be living epistles, to be known and read of all men, as practical editions of the gospel. Therein is "peace like a river, and righteousness like the waves of the sea." Bless the Lord for these letters of love sent to us, and to the nations, from above! Jesus Christ writes to his bride and to all his children. Good news, good news, to penitent, inquiring, believing souls! All are invited to gospel blessings — the waters of life — while it is a day of grace.

The Jews rejected their only Saviour and the day of salvation, and many Gentiles have done despite to the offers of mercy. Better far for reprobates if they had never heard of the gospel. "Quench not the Spirit!"

O, accept the good news of salvation, while the door of mercy is open! The provisions are ample, and grace is free. Religion is all important, and salvation is worthy of all acceptation. Believers are the ready and blessed recipients. How gracious the terms! God is honored, and fallen men are ennobled and saved.

We find in the gospel a sure, free, and perfect panoply, for defence, offence, and progress. Success is insured against living enemies, the horrors and sting of death, and the torments of the lake of fire. Look within and without, and watch.

The gospel is an engine of power in conquering men, transforming men into Christ's image, and fitting them for life, death, judgment, and heaven. Glorious plan of grace!

Here is the motive power in conversion, sanctification, and redemption; for civilization, evangelization, reformations, temperance, revivals,

and the millennium. Pray for it, that you may have power with God and with men, and prevail like a prince! All things will then work well for you.

If any of you, my respectful hearers, are yet unconverted, to-day give your hearts to Jesus; repent and believe. Farewell, my brethren: be perfect, live in love, and God will bless you.

CHAPTER VI.

LETTER: NAPLES AND POMPEII.

BEFORE I left Rome, I just took a bird's-eye view of the Pope's summer seat, called the "Palace of St. Paul," and situated outside of the city, near St. Paul's Road, or the Appian Way.

This place is a splendid affair, far more beautiful and spacious than the real Vatican. The rooms, furniture, pictures, and statues are of a fine order and finish, all of the first style. Really I was struck with the amplitude of the mansion, the richness and variety of embellishments, the surrounding gardens, the numerous fountains, and splendid devices on all hands. Paul may have had a cottage here.

The Pope spends here three months of the year — August, September, and October — amid

these luxurious profusions. But I envy him not. They generally regard St. Paul's as more healthy in warm weather than the Vatican. This spacious palace is now tenantless, while thousands of the poor Catholics are homeless; but it is just like Popery. By the way, Pope Pius IX. is a portly, good-looking old man, and is said to be moral and much respected, which cannot be said, in truth, of many of his priests, and especially of the cardinals.

I left Rome for this place, as I expected and wrote. We came one hundred and fifty miles by diligence, and were thirty hours rolling over a good road. We had twenty-two different postilions on the way, each one, and many others, begging in their turn. I was severely annoyed by them and their treachery. O, the ignorance, immorality, and degradation of Italy!

Since I arrived at Naples I have seen and enjoyed much. A few days ago I scaled Mount Vesuvius, walking on the newly-formed crust, while the white-hot lava ran close beneath, below, and in veins all around. Awful picture! Liquid fire, mountains of lava, smoky relics, muttering thunder, with slight shakes.

At the "tip top" there is little fire to be seen, but great volumes of cloudy smoke roll forth. New craters have appeared on the west side of the mountain, and are now most frequently beleh-ing out rolling streams of liquid fire in all direc-tions, covering, at times, small huts and houses, burning down large trees, spreading a pall of mourning over all things near and around. Here was terrible consternation only a few nights ago — a river of fire rolling swiftly down!

Yesterday I visited Pompeii, the great and noted city destroyed by eruptions of hot water, ashes, and lava, belched forth from Mount Ve-suvius. The ruins are vast and untold. Ex-huming is going on, and important discoveries are constantly effected. The old broken col-umns, walks, statues, demolished houses, re-mains of the great amphitheatre, the altars, forums, fountains, — all point to greatness and grandeur past. I saw many floors, walks, and walls beautified with the most splendid mosaic and fine workmanship, representing men, beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects; yea, victories and history. Once the fine arts were there, but now the gloomy ruins.

I have just visited the great museum of Naples. It is really rich and grand. It contains one of the greatest libraries in the world, and a remarkably rich variety of choice relics, and magnificent specimens of nature and art. The bronze statuary is fine and extensive, and much of other material is in good order and taste; also many others are united from broken pieces gathered from old ruins. The paintings are good, and all the pictures in mosaic are truly splendid. I will say no more now of these monuments of departed glory.

I have had a most pleasant interview with Rev. Mr. Pugh, the English Church minister, and dined with him and family. There is a sprinkling of Christianity here, but we want a copious shower. O that the Lord would revive his work here, and save souls! This is emphatically a missionary field, white and ready for the harvest. I am in prime health and spirits. Farewell.

Naples, December 13. The *élite* of cities and nations are here, and with poor, degraded Italians are in awful contrast. The higher classes roll in wealth, splendor, and luxury; but the lower

are ignorant, filthy, lazy, and worse. They seem destitute of morality, and honor, and hope.

I like Naples, as a city, better than Rome: there is more heart and life. The situation, streets, and prospects are far better. The Bay of Naples surpasses all others in beauty. The streets on the Crescent Bay contain some of the finest palaces, houses, hotels, and commanding views. Nature has done much for Naples. It is all that could be desired physically; but the people have abused themselves and perverted everything.

Our American minister, Hon. Mr. Chandler, lives in a splendid mansion, overlooking the bay, the needle points of the Crescent, and the fiery Mount Vesuvius. I have made him a *fashionable* call, and had a cheerful interview. I was acquainted with his noble family in Philadelphia, Pa., and enjoyed their hospitalities there some years ago. He says the climate of this city does not agree with his health. As he is a Catholic, he is well surrounded by his brethren. But as to religion, I see little of it here, even in form or pretension, except occasionally.

The king of the Sicilies does not reside in

Naples for fear of his life, except to stay now and then a night, but lives or stops at a military post.

This being a seaport, there is more business and enterprise here than in Rome, and many foreigners, besides visitors, are giving tone to commerce and improvements, and doing something for pure religion.

Rev. Mr. Pugh, whom I saw last week, is a fine, social, Christian gentleman, partly sustained by his chaplaincy, and partly by other means. He has a good congregation. I listened to his preaching yesterday with interest and profit. No revivals here! Dead, dead, dead! — morally and spiritually! just staying, dragging their "slow length along," but not living. Cannot something be done to save Italy? Cannot prayer and effort reach their case? The tokens of perdition are really evident, but the Great Physician can heal the vilest souls. I have often felt sick on seeing such revolting spectacles of vice and degradation in Italy. May the good Lord preserve America, and constrain us to do our duty to God and all mankind!

The price of living here has greatly increased

of late. Hotels and boarding-houses charge about the same as in America. The lower classes, and some others, may get along more cheaply, but style is costly even in Naples. The Crimean war raised prices.

To-day (D. V.) I expect to leave for Sicily, Malta, and Egypt by a French steamer. You know St. Paul landed at Malta.

The weather here has been remarkably wet, and inconvenient for visiting and sight-seeing; but when I get to Alexandria, rain will not so interpose. We have had here only two or three fair days for two weeks. So much for "sunny Italy." No frosts yet. Orange and lemon trees hang full. Gardens are green and fruitful as in summer. The natural blessings, sanctified by true religion, would make this a paradise!

CHAPTER VII.

LETTER: FROM ITALY TO EGYPT.

WHAT a contrast! Down in Egypt land — Alexandria! Be it so. While looking back, we steamed out of Naples, on the 13th of December, after enjoying a profitable and pleasant visit.

In our rear we left the dense portion of the city, lining the Crescent Bay. On our right appeared high hills, fortifications, Nero's Baths (boiling hot, near the spot called Puteoli, where Paul landed and rested on his way to Rome), and also many high and beautiful rocks, pointing like needles at the Crescent's "Eye." On our left were the rest of the city-lined "Crescent," diversified hills, charming valleys and villas, all the way to the point; but the most conspicuous and crowning of all, was the "Old Mount Vesu-

vius," a self-trimmed beacon, lighting freely in and out of port its delighted visitors and guests.

On we gazed, and on we sailed a few hours, amidst the most splendid, along-shore scenery, till all was perfectly eclipsed by the huge, high, ever-burning Stromboli. This was a sublime spectacle! — Nature's chandelier in full blaze, like legions of tall-piped furnaces, elevated and multiplied in full blast, with "old Pluto" at the bottom, blowing and stirring up the mighty flames. Thus we passed between Scylla and Charybdis all safe.

We stopped a while at Messina, a city and seaport of Sicily. Here is a fine harbor, and all is strongly fortified. The people appear better, and all things wear an improved aspect as we distance the "seat of the beast." This island is noted as a resort for consumptive invalids in winter. Many Americans have come on to spend the cold season. Some have died.

On leaving the island, we soon passed Mount Etna, but its flames were sleeping. On we sailed.

The Isle of Malta, so famous in Scripture,

soon greeted our anxious eyes, and here we landed — Paul-like, perhaps, though not wrecked — near St. Paul's Bay, and then explored its beauties. This is a small and rather barren, rocky island — a military stronghold of the English government. It is a fine commercial radiating point, the "central port" for ships on the Mediterranean, and quite in advance of other cities just named, and most purely English.

I visited the old Catholic church, St. John's. It is very large, and of symmetrical form, with fine finish. Bass-relief and costly ornaments adorn the walls. The floor is variegated with highly wrought marble slabs, overlaying the tombs of some scores of distinguished Knight Templars of Malta. Coats of arms, and all manner of devices for the honored dead, were beautifully inscribed, according to art, fact, or fancy. But O, how soon the glory of the world vanishes away!

After leaving Malta, four days more of steaming brings us to Alexandria in Egypt — the land of the Pharaohs. Here we were greeted by an army of "flouring windmills," lining the right shore, as if to escort us in by their open, long,

flying arms. It was rather squally weather; many were sea-sick, and the port was hard to enter. But best of all, just then, I found a young man "sin-sick" and anxious; so I administered to the inquiring soul, as if I were quite at home. Would that myriads more would cry for salvation in this benighted region! O, pray for it!

Yesterday I worshipped at the Episcopal and Presbyterian chapels. Here the gospel work is hard, but sure.

To-day I have visited the old Catacombs, Pompey's Pillar, the cemetery, Cleopatra's Needle, the great canal, and various bazaars. But, O, you would have laughed to see me riding an ass on a gallop, a boy running along behind, with a stick to goad him on, through the mud or sand, jerking the donkey's tail to turn him right or left, or in an opposite direction, till the little silly beast stumbled, throwing me over his head, and himself over me — a ludicrous plight, but not so bad as it might have been. I shall learn how to ride donkeys by and by, as well as I have horses. I like this city: industry, peace, and plenty

mark the place. The Arab women often go veiled, and, I am told, are more faithful to their Mohammedan religion than those of other creeds are to theirs. Soon I am off, via railroad, to Cairo. Adieu.

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTER: CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

I LEFT Alexandria on the 22d instant, via railroad, for this place, as I wrote you. On my way to the depot, my little donkey turned a great summerset with me, making a laughable picture of the ass and its rider exchanging places and direction; but no great harm was done — only a little straining of my ankle, caught in the stirrup.

Our whole course up the valley of the Nile, from Alexandria to Cairo, was through a most interesting section of country, resembling one vast prairie, dotted with crops, shrubs, and little mud villages, and occasionally some better buildings; but poverty and oppression exist here.

For a hundred and fifty miles the land is very

level, with only now and then a little ridge or knoll of sand to build on. The soil is rich, black, fertile, and from one inch to twenty feet deep, mostly alluvial. Cotton, wheat, corn, grass, herds and flocks, with many fine gardens and orchards, show the productive power of the soil. But, O, the mud houses and hamlets! — a village of round huts with no windows, but an open door on the eastern side; a village of mud, like so many hay-cocks encircling a big hay-stack, the chief, living in the centre of the humble black group. The laboring classes thus live like, and often with, the brutes.

There are no fences. They sometimes dig ditches and canals. They have to irrigate their farms at this season to secure crops. Pumps, mills, and water-proof baskets are used to elevate water into channels for this purpose.

Though it was very wet at Alexandria, after a distance of fifty miles all was drought through to Cairo. Here we have a large city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and multitudes of pilgrims. The place is marked with many beauties by nature within and around, and the newer part by industry and art.

I have visited the great citadel; the mosque and tomb of Amer, one thousand years old; the sepulchres of the caliphs, on the heights, and near the precipice where the Mamelukes were driven off and killed by the Turks; also the "Well of Joseph," some three hundred feet deep; and many other spots of note and interest.

The mighty Pyramids show their towering heights and grandeur in the twelve miles' distance, appearing singularly beautiful at sunset above the vast surrounding plain. There is a want of variety; and these, like mounds and hills, stand out in delightful contrast to break the monotony. But if such indefatigable energy were rightly expended to raise men and morals, exalt minds and souls to heaven, what a moral oasis we should see in a desert! How Mount Zion would stand up in glorious contrast with the low plains of old Egypt or Sodom! O, the wretched condition of nine tenths of mankind! And yet how little is being done by Christians! Not one half so much as is expended for tobacco, saying nothing of rum and opium. May Ethiopia soon stretch forth her hands to the Lord!

If I had permission and the language, I would like to hold a protracted meeting here. But no; I must leave this field for others. God directs.

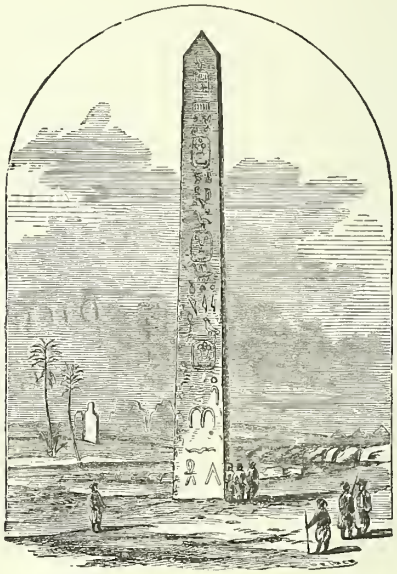
The people seem quiet, poor, rather temperate, — except in smoking tobacco, — unaspiring, and at ease in their sins. I pity them.

America has two missionaries here. O for scores of faithful preachers to proclaim Christ and the resurrection!

I shall make more explorations soon, and write you again. Farewell in doing good!

December 24. To-day I visited the ruins of Heliopolis. O, what must Egypt have been in its pomp and glory! The monument here is much like Cleopatra's Needle, at Alexandria, which is some seventy-five feet high, and seven and a half feet square at the base; while Pompey's Pillar is some ten feet higher, and eight feet square at its base. Both are beacon ornaments to Alexandria. But this of Heliopolis is some fifty feet higher than either, and this stands out alone some twelve miles north of Cairo. O, what immense power and art were required to get a solid piece of porphyry, or red granite, into such a place and position! Nay, the strength

and glory of Egypt have really departed. "Sin is a shame to any people."



REMAINS OF ON, OR HELIOPOLIS.

I visited and viewed the palace and harem of Ibrahim Pacha to-day. It is truly a great affair, but at the sacrifice of purity and the poor; sinful pleasure is short.

Cairo is surrounded with more sand and un-

evenness than any spot lower down the Nile. Corn, dates, oranges, grapes, olives, figs, and other fine fruits, are quite plenty. We have no apples, except what come here from Austria. Sugar-cane is abundant. No potatoes. Tomatoes come now to market by cart-loads. We had fish for dinner, but those from the Nile are rather small and soft. Beans, lentils, and peas are plenty and good, and so are vegetables generally, in this region.

To-day it rained powerfully for an hour, and the streets are all mud. This is now an unusual occurrence.

Verily I am all out with donkeys, they tire so quick and stumble under me, though I lately rode one to the Pyramids and back — twenty-four miles — in one day. But then the donkey boys are never satisfied with the stipulated pay, — so it is in most other cases, — and they will beg.

The English language is taught in the schools, but only a smattering is obtained.

Water is carried in skins and jugs to the houses, and is often pumped up by ox or mule power to irrigate farms and gardens.

December 25. I wish you Merry Christmas. The weather is fine and balmy. In going to the Pyramids of Ghizeh, I crossed the Nile near where Moses is said to have floated in the smeared rush or flag basket. You are cited to the very spot, and shown the boat.

I went on, and into one of three of the vast Pyramids to-day noon, — the largest is Cheops, — and saw six more but a little way off. O, wonderful labor, superstition, and folly! One of these measured seven hundred feet square at its base, and ran up by contracting steps on the four sides five hundred feet high, to a point or platform. All of these are on the margin of a sandy desert. The Arabs extort a good deal of money from visitors, but I was not duped.

I notice, along the Nile and desert, many weak, sore, and blind eyes. Some say dust, sun, filth, and disease really produce these sad effects; but it seems to be an epidemic. Poor creatures! They sleep in hovels of mud, and bask in the sunshine, and lie all covered with swarms of flies.

Lord's day, 26th. I attended the English Church — forty hearers present; also the Pres-

byterian Chapel — twenty hearers present. I gave a "talk" at the latter on revivals, from the text, "Yet there is room," and had a good season.

I saw the Pasha twice to-day, drawn in a grand coach by four fine black horses. He is a noble personage. This is a great day here for sports and dissipation. Business is allowed to go on as usual, save a little less of it. The wild, dancing dervishes have a great frolic to-day, and other buffoons, too.

The plague, which was so fearful four months ago, has passed away; yet Egypt is under quarantine by the seaports of Joppa and Beirut.

I shall soon return to Alexandria, where I took a good bath in the Mediterranean the other day. I shall go on to Jerusalem via Athens, Smyrna, and Joppa. So I view the "Bible lands" as we go.

CHAPTER IX.

SERMON (IN CAIRO) : A GOSPEL FEAST IN EGYPT.

"Lord, it is done as thou didst command, and yet there is room." — Luke xiv. 22.

RELIGION in God's kingdom is a great feast, to which you all are invited. Salvation by Jesus Christ is freely offered. All of every class who come to it are readily and graciously welcomed; and yet there is room — room for you, room for me, and room for all mankind.

In the good providence of God I am permitted to visit Cairo, — the land of Joseph and Moses, — and address you, my brethren and friends, as an ambassador of Jesus, with invitations to you all to share the great supper.

I am glad, that, in this great city of Cairo, of

three hundred thousand people, — the city of the caliphs and caravans, — I am permitted to mingle with Christian friends in the worship of the living God, and to preach Christ to you, and the gospel feast to all who will come.

Nothing of the world ever satisfies the demands of the immortal soul. Men have sought it, but in vain. The rich valley of the Nile yields abundance of food for the body, but not for the soul. Behold the towering Pyramid of Cheops or Ghizeh, twelve miles off, at the southwest, standing five hundred feet high, and on a base of equal or greater width — all significant of earthly crowns, pride, skill, labor, patience, costly and lasting folly, but not of satisfaction to the immortal mind. Yet there is room, and eternal fullness in Christ's kingdom. Earth's show is all eclipsed.

Divers recreations, and all kinds of worship, I see in this ancient city, but little of the true religion. This *cannice*, or church, is to me an oasis in a desert. Here we have the pure gospel feast, of rich satiety and grace. Few yet come to it, while the many, with one mind, make their vain excuses.

Jesus Christ has come himself, and has sent forth his evangelists and servants to win sinners to religion and to eternal life. Many are called, but few are chosen. O, what sinful excuses! One has bought ground, and must go to see it; another has bought five yoke of oxen, and must try them; and the last has married a wife, and cannot come. They wish to be excused, and God, in his anger, lets them alone. As it was with sinners anciently, so it is now.

Behold the missionaries going with invitations into the highways, to call everybody to the banquet of love, saying, "Yet there is room." The hedges are even scoured, and the guests from all quarters are constrained to come in. Come and enter the fold of the good Shepherd, who will lead you into green pastures, and beside still waters, who will tenderly watch over you, and keep you safe to the end.

Blessed be God, there yet is room; room for you, young or old, rich or poor, bond or free, sick, lame, or lost; for all repenting sinners! Yes, there is room in the arms of Jesus — in his atonement, in his sacrifice, in his presence chamber, in his invitation and promises;

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

room enough in Christ's mercy, in the baptismal waters, at the Lord's table, in the church, in the prayer-meeting, Sabbath school, missionary field, for all our numbers and powers; room enough in heaven, in the Father's house, for all returning prodigals, in the glorious mansions of bliss, in the company of the Triune Jehovah, and of angels, and all the blood-washed forever! O, yes, there is room enough in paradise, and we'll have a shout in glory. O, why, then, will any linger, or make vain excuses.

O, come, sinners, and embrace the Saviour! Now is the appointed time and the day of salvation.

And now, dear brethren, I must thank you, under God, for this privilege. Be faithful to souls in Cairo, in all Egypt, in Africa, in the world. I shall be glad to meet you in America; yea, in the resurrection of the just, and in heaven forever. Farewell. Amen!

CHAPTER X.

LETTER: PATMOS AND SMYRNA.

JANUARY 1. I wish you all a Happy New Year; and well I may, for I feel a kind of cheerful inspiration to-day.

Who can wonder at the revival of heavenly emotions in my soul, when sacred and sublime associations rush so vividly upon my mind? Mine eyes have just been joyfully greeted with the long-wished-for sight of the veritable Apocalyptic "isle that is called Patmos," John's pulpit. In size it is about ten miles long and five wide. The surface is beautifully diversified by rocky cliffs, verdant hills, rich ravines, and a few fertile plains. Some of the elevations are from six to seven or even eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. On the north is the highest peak, but the third range from the south end has

a "city on a hill." Upon this beautiful eminence, surrounded with hills, ravines, islands, and seas, is a fine stone meeting-house, now occupied by the Greek Church, — Catholic Baptists, — called "St. John the Divine." We beheld it with profound emotions of solemn awe, Christian gratitude, and sacred delight.

We could not define the precise spot on which John — while in exile and in prison, and under the power of the Holy Spirit — wrote the book of Revelation. But we saw the place where stands the unshaken monument of the resurrection of the dead, and the true Baptists, their origin and succession. The baptistery is really there, despite all the heretical innovations. Yea, and the pure ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper will stand till Christ comes in his glory. O, let us glory only in the cross, and receive the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

January 6. I am just closing my five days of quarantine on board of an Austrian steamer, in the bay of old Smyrna, choosing to serve my quarantine where I can enjoy good fare, room, and company, rather than risk my chance at the

lazaretto, and share the confinement with Turks and other foreigners.

This bay is very picturesque, and the very best harbor that I have seen. It is protected on the north, south, east, and west by splendid highlands. At the entrance on the north-west, numerous small, elevated islands form an efficient guard. Many steamships and other craft find a safe refuge and anchorage here.

The city of Smyrna contains about eighty thousand souls. The backgrounds are diversified and elevated, draped with cypress and vegetation, unscathed by frost. The Turkish cemetery is a grove of cypress, interspersed with white obelisks. On the extreme heights are the ruins of the ancient citadel and the garrison. Thousands of cannon from these points might be discharged high over the city buildings, and exterminate an armed squadron in the bay, without harm to the citizens. On the south side of the hill, about half a mile from the old citadel, is a modernized Greek chapel. This stands, it is credibly said, on the identical spot where one of the primitive "seven churches of Asia" once held worship (Rev. ii. 8–11), and was constructed, in part, of the old remaining stones and relics.

There is now an old baptistery very close by, and a large fountain there in full play.

January 7. To-day the Greek churches are celebrating their Christmas — twelve days later than ours, old style instead of new style. I attended their "mass" in the morning, at eight o'clock, in the city church, and in another in the afternoon. Their exercises were chiefly singing, reading, kissing sacred pictures, and crossing themselves, much like the Roman Catholics. All stand during worship. The Greek churches are well constructed and finely adorned. The Turkish mosque also is very symmetrical and beautiful — quite charming.

The old city was on the hill, a mile off; but the present one lines the bay, with the newest part on the north, improved by the English and French railroad enterprise. The ruins surrounding Smyrna signify palmy days, greatness, and glory, long departed.

On Lord's day last, I heard Rev. Mr. Ladd preach in Turkish. I called with him on Rev. Mr. Dodd; preached, and took supper with these good missionaries.

I am off to Greece in a day or two.

CHAPTER XI.

SERMON (IN SMYRNA): THE SPIRIT'S WORK.

"Be filled with the Spirit." — Eph. v. 18.

I FEEL very grateful, my dear hearers, for this great privilege.

Here I am in an ancient city, made famous by the location of one of the seven primitive churches. Near by this is a house of worship, built, it is said, of the stones and on the ruins of the first temple. Behold the fine baptistery alongside of it, and other corroborating evidences! Praise God!

Here you have a large, growing, commercial city, surrounded with the bay, hills and splendid scenery, bringing to our minds many interesting associations. Only a few days ago I viewed the celebrated Isle of Patmos. O that we

may be filled with the Spirit, like John the divine!

Truly it gives me great pleasure to meet brethren Ladd and Dodd, of the Ameriean missions, and to join with them and their assoeiates in the worship of God in this foreign land.

Paul's injunetion to the Ephesians comes very near home to us. A short distance from this we see that onee noted and exalted eity, now in awful ruins. If they had heeded the text, how different would have been their history!

My dear brethren in the ministry and in the membership, endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peaee and love.

David felt assured that if he were filled and upheld by the Spirit, he eould preaeh effeetively, and that sinners would be eonverted. So may we be sustained, and most glorious results will follow. Surrounded as you are by people of divers tongues, religions, and eustoms, — all perverted by sin, error, forms, and infidelity, — you must feel your need of divine help, and be often found at the merey-seat. And, parents, gather together the little ones whom God has given you, and teach them to look to him for

help. Mothers, in the quiet of your own room, wait with them often before God, until at length the place of prayer shall become even to their

"OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

young hearts the very gate of heaven. Levelling and building up, bringing order out of confusion, making the crooked straight, and the rough

smooth, are not done by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of Almighty God.

A more than herculean task is before us, and our sueeess is all of grace, from foundation to top stone. Our work is not akin to that of the confused and disappointed Babelites. As the word of the Lord endures forever, so the work of the Spirit shall be eonsummated for glory. Let us, then, work out our salvation, while God works within us so effeetually.

In 1857 and 1858 great revivals in Ameriea gathered many thousands into our ehurches, and added mueh to our strength. The Holy Spirit's influences were most powerfully manifested among all elasses, ages, and eolors, like unto Pentecost.

Would that the "small voiee," and a rushing mighty wave of salvation, might come and sweep all over Smyrna, and all the vicinity, and the world! Labor on, preaeh on, pray on, battle on, eovered with the whole panoply, and God will erown you with good sueeess, and with the glorious benediction at the end.

I soon must leave you, brethren, for Athens, Beyroot, Joppa, and Jerusalem. But if I see

you no more in the flesh, I hope to enjoy the influence of your prayers, and at last to share all the blessings of heaven with you and the blood-washed in immortal glory.

Let us make every sacrifice in our power, be cheerful and faithful in all our ministrations, till Jesus shall call us, one by one, to that rest prepared for God's people. Amen. Please sing, —

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."

CHAPTER XII.

LETTER: ATHENS.

JANUARY 13. The roar of cannon, ringing of bells, bands of music, and shouts of the populace, ushered in this glorious morning. But what means all this general parade? Why, it is New Year's with the Greeks — their great holiday! I have a double share of such this season — passing from the new into the old style. At ten o'clock A. M., the people gathered in crowds at the St. Irene Chapel, while the king's guards and the military lined the sidewalks and the grand entrance to the chapel. All was silent for a moment. In came the archbishop and his subordinates. General excitement now seized the people. Lo, all were on tiptoe, and all eyes were turned to the royal door. Behold King Otho and the Queen

of Greeee! In they came, arm in arm, walking, bowing, smiling, and took their stand on a temporary throne, in front of two big golden chairs, and there stood, during the whole service, for three quarters of an hour. How it would tire some of our dignitaries or fashionables to stand thus! The Greeks seek no bodily ease in worship.

The reading, and singing, and crossing were much like the Roman service. The king was dressed in military uniform, and the noble queen in superb watered silk, adorned with gold laee, chains, and rieh jewels. She is the ruler, the people say, and also quite intellectual, popular, and enterprising.

After service in the chapel, the royal couple retired, amidst vociferous shouts and lively music, re-entered their eourtly carriage, drawn by six richly eaparisoned black horses, and returned to their fine palace. This is just east of the city, a half a mile off, in the midst of a large garden of fruit and flowers, with fine walks and bowers, skilfully laid with mosaic.

In the afternoon I called at the palace, and viewed its internal arrangements and guests,

and also the concomitant adornings and surroundings. I then called on Rev. Dr. King, the missionary, at his own splendid residence and chapel. He has done much for Greece, though he is still far from being satisfied. He is wealthy, lives in style, and "labors," he says, "to lay the foundation for future success." The converts, he says, are few — very few. He has formed no church yet. The Baptists have no church organization in Greece at present, and have only one remaining Greek convert there from all our missions. This is brother Demetrius Sackellarius, and he will start soon for America.

The American consul (a Greek, by the way) says, "The Baptists did wisely in giving up their missions here, and recalling their missionaries, and there is little hope or chance to make capital or Christians of Greek materials." (An outside view.)

I have called on Professor Dickson, a Baptist of the first water; and here I found, in fine quarters, in a room ample and comfortable for study and observation, our beloved old friend, Professor Hackett, D. D., prosecuting the study of

modern Greek, and the revision of the New Testament, with great diligence and success. Brother Hackett has just returned from Philippi, and is truly eloquent when speaking of the remains of this ancient city, the old gate, and the river where Lydia sat and heard Paul preach. He is also well convinced of the righteousness of his cause, and the necessity of the Bible Union enterprise, into which he goes with all his great heart. I often enjoyed his society and help, when he was at leisure, in visiting the towering Acropolis, Parthenon, Temples of Jupiter, Victory, and Theseus, the Stadium, Mars' Hill (where Paul once preached Christ and the resurrection), and many other places of note and interest. I also visited the rocky prison of Socrates, in a hill-side, and ran through the old Stadium. I stood, too, where Demosthenes delivered his eloquent harangues and philippics to vast multitudes. The rostrum is large, and in usual form, made in bold relief, some eight feet high, ten deep, and twelve wide, by digging back into the brow of the hill for a back gallery, excavating the rock on three sides, leaving steps, seats, table, all solid. Here is the

stand-point for the speaker, commanding with his voice thirty or forty thousand hearers, while catching with his eye the inspiring views of hills and mountains, valleys and bays, Brook Ilissus, sea and land, city and country, nature and art. How sublime! Nay, it is all grand beyond description, and very inspiring.

The hills round about are numerous and high, especially the Hymettus, and mostly of limestone or marble. The ruins are very widespread, and awfully gigantic. Men have delighted in destroying each other and their respective works, and then of carving their own victories on stone in bass-relief, as now seen among the splendid ruins, and showing what Greece once was, in her palmy days, in arts, science, and success, as well as in the field of battle. But she has come down wonderfully! Thus passes away the glory of the world!

The present city of Athens is newly built, except a little portion in the southern part, and is constructed well for use, comfort, and beauty. It contains now some forty thousand inhabitants, most of whom have come in within fifty years. Wonderful increase and progress! Modern Ath-

ens is far in advance of any city of the Orient, or east of France, in all respects except in religion, and is fast increasing in arts, science, literature, commerce, and manufactures.

On Lord's day, the 16th instant, we had a Baptist covenant and preaching meeting at the house of brother Dickson, where, by previous request, I preached to an interested and select audience, and, with the aid of Dr. Hackett, administered the Lord's Supper to seven happy commemorators. We had a precious melting season, the first of the kind enjoyed by Athenian Christians for seven years. It was truly an oasis in a moral lonely desert.

In the afternoon we dined at brother Dickson's, then heard Dr. Hill (Episcopalian) preach on prayer, very happily and eloquently, though in Greek. In the evening I preached in Dr. King's house to a mixed audience of Americans, Englishmen, Norwegians, and Greeks.

Brother Demetrius Sackellarius, a Greek baptized by brother Buel, is possessed of piety and talent of great promise. He is skilled in Greek, ancient and modern, and has a good smattering of English. He wishes to get over to America,

to perfect himself in our language. As he desires to proclaim the gospel, and needs help, I wish him a place in the Bible Union Rooms in New York.

On the 18th instant the Greeks had a great day in the Bay of Piræus, the port of Athens. Some five thousand people, priests, soldiers, and private eitizens, vied with each other to gain the sea-shore, to witness or participate in the immersion of the eross. This was performed in our presenee with great pomp, many priests and people taking a great interest in this superstition. After the baptism of the eross, a number of men, almost naked, plunged into the conseerated waters of the Archipelago.

The whole region abounds with small monasteries, supplied with oil and tapers for private worshippers, on the hills and in the valleys.

This eity is a profitable sehool for the Christian or the seholar. O, I bless God for these opportunities, and for grace to consecrate all to his glory.

I expect soon to return to Smyrna, and go, via Cyprus, — Paul's route, — to Palestine.

CHAPTER XIII.

SERMON (IN ATHENS): CONSTRAINING LOVE.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. v. 14.

MY dear brethren, assembled for the worship of God in this noted ancient city, I was truly glad when I received your kind invitation, through Dr. Hackett, to preach to you, and also to administer the Lord's Supper. Heavenly associations now rush powerfully upon my mind, from eighteen hundred years past, and also the anticipations of the future. I behold in our number this morning Professor Hackett, D. D., of America; brother Dickson, formerly of Corfu; brother Demetrius Saekellarius, the only remaining Greek convert of our Baptist missions, immersed by brother Buel; and five other brethren in the Lord. How small

but choice is this little band of Americans, Englishmen, Norwegians, and Greeks! By sovereign grace, we have our positions and our power.

There the apostle Paul stood, on Mars' Hill, just out south of the city; looked all over the bay of Piræus, the Acropolis, the temples, the Stadium, Mount Pentelicus, and Mount Hymettus; and preached, to the ancient and superstitious Athenians, Christ and the resurrection. I was delighted, a few days ago, in visiting that memorable Mars' Hill, in company with brother Hackett, to go up the old, steep steps, to sit in the Areopagus, to behold the classic surroundings, and to read Paul's old sermon.

Truly we have shared a rich "feast of reason and flow of soul" in visiting Athens. I trust we are enjoying only the spiritual earnest of a more glorious but not distant future.

To-day is a most memorable day, especially with some of you, my brethren, as you are to celebrate the Lord's Supper for the first time in seven long years. May the Lord prepare us for the great and solemn occasion!

The love of Christ constrains us. This love

is the motive power of heaven, and the controlling power of all Christians. It is co-existent

"GOD IS LOVE."

and co-extensive with Christianity, and all true reformation on earth. "Love fulfils the law." Christ's love is manifested in creation, provi-

dence, revelation, redemption, salvation, sanctification, and glorification. How infinite! This love is great — converting, wonderful, adapting, almighty, abiding, everlasting.

All heaven is full of love, and its moving power. God himself is love; and Christ is the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person. Angels are governed by this vital principle in all their acts and ministrations. Christians of divers names are characterized by its divine attributes in all their conquests for Jesus — in all their graces and glory. This is our Alpha and Omega.

The constraining love of Christ contains all the elements of godly action, enterprise, success, victory, happiness, and heaven. How futile, then, for good, are all other powers!

Let us sever all the bonds of sin, the flesh, and the world, and give ourselves up to the reigning power of love in all things. Let us be faithful and prayerful to the end, and by rich grace Christ will gather us into heaven above. Let us now commemorate the Lord's Supper.

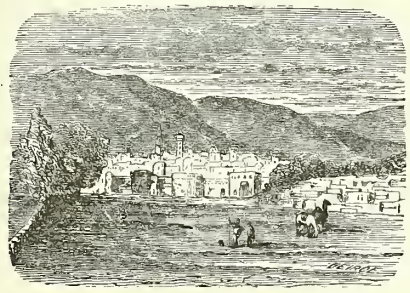
CHAPTER XIV.

LETTER: BEYROOT VIA PAUL'S ROUTE.

FEBRUARY 1. I left Athens, as I expected to do when I last wrote you. On our way we stopped at Scio, one of the most fertile islands in the archipelago. Then Mytilene ranges next in productiveness.

This part of the Mediterranean Sea is full of small islands, mostly barren, rocky, of a whitish color, and not one in a hundred has any beacon light; yet scarcely a shipwreck occurs, or any serious accident, though the sailing is mostly done by night. And why is this? Because the pilots and other officers are so temperate and watchful, and are made liable for any damage by carelessness. They must prove their own faithfulness.

On the Lord's day after I left Athens, I was again at Smyrna, and heard the Congregational and Episcopal preachers. In the evening, in Rev. Mr. Dodd's house, I preached to a very select audience of many different nations. I soon left in a French steamer, and, on the 26th of January, passed out by the islands Samos,



DAMASCUS.

Rhodes, Cyprus, and many others, and even saw Mount Taurus, in Asia Minor, high, commanding, beautiful. So we stopped at Messena, the seaport Tarsus, and cast our eyes over the birthplace of Paul. We took in cargo generally by day, and steamed on by night; but I took turns with a travelling friend, and kept a good watch

for the sights. This is a picturesque and interesting country, well worth visiting. Latakia, — ealled anciently "Laodicea," — they say, presents many interesting ruins, but has lately been much improved. This was once a grand and notable city. It is now the port of Antioch, once noted for the Christian name, but now for its exports of tobaeeo and fine sponge.

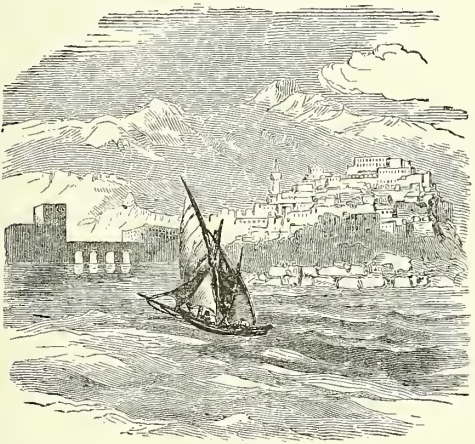
Tripoli manufaetures silk, and, like most eities along shore, is fast improving.

Beyroot is an enterprising, beautiful missionary eity, of some forty thousand population. This is the ehief seaport, outlet and inlet, for the great eity of Damaseus, and a large extent of baek eountry. This port is a fine one. The city is wide-spread, undulating, beautifully variegated with fine buildings, gardens, orange trees, and mulberries. Here is the general eentre of the Ameriean missions in Syria.

I met brethren Herter, Bliss, Ford, Calhoun, and half a dozen others of the missionaries, and dined with them. Yea, I was a bearer to them of two pairs of donkey saddle-bags from Smyrna, for the ladies' use in distributing books on their missionary tours.

All the enterprise and religious influence comes in, or is chiefly sustained, from America. The people are improving every way.

Antioch and the Lebanon mountains show now their snow-capped summits. When we sail I shall sit up all night to see Sidon, that old,



SIDON.

old city, once so famous and cultivated, but now weak and decayed, though beautiful for situation; Tyre, whose greatness and glory, and even its walls, God, by his judgment, so fully overthrew; and other marked places along shore, on my way to Joppa.

The Pasha of Damascus, with his numerous wives and servants, has here joined our ship's company. They are going to old Egypt.

O, the curse of Jehovah seems to rest on all this sinful region. What can be done? Something has been accomplished, yet it is but as dust in the balance. The people seem to have little or no conscience. In America, hard as sinners are, one sermon will do, apparently, as much as fifty here. But I must leave. So good by.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM JOPPA TO JERUSALEM.

FEBRUARY 13. After leaving Beyroot, we took observations by the way, and arrived at Joppa, Palestine, on the 4th of February, as we had contemplated. Blessed sights and thoughts all the way.

Joppa is a walled city, the nearest seaport to Jerusalem, situated on a high bluff, and contains about ten thousand people. It has no harbor, and is all rock-bound — a dangerous place for ships in a storm. We usually anchor, in fair weather, a mile or two out in the bay, and so communicate with the shore by other water-craft. This is an old and somewhat dilapidated place, but it is improving, and does considerable business. Here Jonah embarked for Tarshish, and Peter had a vision on evangelism. The whole

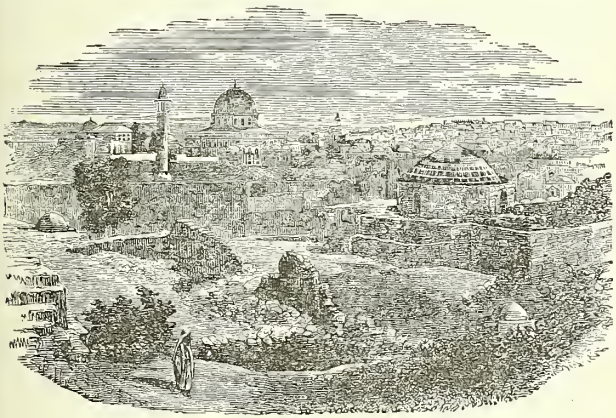
city stands high, and on a rocky foundation, and is beautifully lined on the south and east with gardens, orange orchards, and other trees.

We visited our mission, also the places noted as the old home of Dorcas, and the remains of Simon's old tannery. Truly we saw many corroborating facts and signs in the large stone vat and the numerous graduated tanning-kettles near by, placed in due order for the business. Shall the voice of the people be credited?

We left Joppa for Jerusalem, in company with some experienced travellers, on horseback. Our first ride was through the rich, fruitful, farming valley of the famous Sharon, till we arrived at the village of Ramleh, the birthplace of Joseph, where we lodged in the Roman Catholic Convent, and so fared well every way. The Lord reward them!

This lodge is the centre of a large and productive grain valley, and some two miles from Ludd, or Lydda, where Peter cured the paralytic. All ready we started at seven o'clock next morning, with our attendant muleteers and equipage for the Holy City. So we rode through ravines, over the undulations, up hill and down hill, over slip-

pery rocks, ugly rough places, indescribable gullies, and sharp pitches, till we crossed the great mountain range, four miles west of Jerusalem. Tired, lame, and badly worn, on beholding, in the distance, the great dome, the high tower, and the numerous pinnacles in Jerusalem, we



JERUSALEM.

forgot it all for the moment, thanked God, and gloried in the holy sight.

At four o'clock P. M. we arrived at the beloved city, entered Jaffa Gate, at the Tower of David, on the Street of David, and rode, and walked, and slid along; for my horse slipped so

badly on the smooth pavements, and I was too much crippled to ride safely. Here we stopped at the Mediterranean Hotel, kept by a noble Greek, speaking English. Here, at last, weary, chafed, thirsty, with bones aching, I felt to rejoice, and to bless God for his grace.

It may seem strange, — but so it is, — after resting a while at the inn, I took board and lodgings at the Latin convent, Casa Nuova — a house for strangers, and purely Roman Catholic. The house is large, and six stories high, made of stone. I have a good room, cotton bed, and an iron bedstead. Our table fare is good Italian, and the monks wait on us with every degree of kindness.

Truly I fare well in this walled city, in a Romish monastery; but I use the white veil only nights — against the musical mosquitos.

Since my arrival, I have often met with Dr. Barclay and family, who were once my hearers in Washington, D. C., and with Elder Jones, an old friend from Pennsylvania. They are here as missionaries, and both are studying Arabic, and preaching too, laying, as they think, a foundation for future success and a copious harvest.

CHAPTER XVI.

SERMON (IN JERUSALEM): MOUNT ZION'S GLORY.

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." — Rom. i. 16.

MEN and brethren, children of the living God, it gives me great pleasure to meet you on this consecrated spot, on Mount Zion, in the city of Jerusalem. When I arose this fine morning, I seemed to awake from a dream, and looked with wonder upon the Holy City, so beautiful for situation, and made the joy of the whole earth. Glorious Lord's day! What association from events of many thousands of years fills my mind and overflows my soul!

I feel unworthy of these unspeakable privileges. Let us praise Jehovah for his wonderful

works for the children of men; yea, for our eternal salvation. I behold on the west the great Mount Lebanon range; on the north, the mountains of Gilboa; on the east, the Mount of Olives, the banks of the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and Mount Pisgah; and on the south, the Convent of Elias, city of Bethlehem, and Hebron. What a central stand-point! What a focal point of interest, of observation, and of radiating intelligence! The panorama of six thousand years looms up before me, as by a reflecting, burning mirror. O, the cross, the bloody cross, is the great elevating, drawing, radiating power! Here we come like pilgrims to see, to read, to reflect, to feel, to renew our vows, to increase our power, to grow in grace, and to secure an increase of the apostolic inspiration for glorifying God and saving souls. May we be endued with power from on high, as they were on the memorable day of Pentecost.

I observe here brethren Jones, and Bettinger, and Purington, and many others from America, and also a representation from all parts of Christendom. I am truly glad to meet with you, dear friends, under these auspicious circumstances,

and to fraternize with you in the worship of God, and in preaching the gospel for the salvation of sinners.

Here the great commission was proclaimed, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." So the disciples were endued with divine power, and went forth, as they were divinely bidden, and success followed them.

The sacred text is a bold, and hearty, and godly confession of the apostle Paul. He testifies, thus positively and clearly, by letters, by words, and by deeds. This, too, is the universal testimony and vital principle of all true Christians, from John the Baptist down to the present moment: they stand up for Jesus.

We have good and cogent reasons for asserting the text, and evincing it in our lives.

The gospel is of the highest origin — it is a revelation from God, from heaven, from eternity, by Jesus Christ, and through the Holy Spirit, and it is all-worthy of the source from which it came. God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ! Glorious religion!

Life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel. Here we see light in Christ's light, and behold as in a glass the glory of God, and are changed into the same image from glory to glory by the Holy Spirit. What an internal and external mirror!

The gospel brings us peace like a river, and righteousness like the waves of the sea. O, what sweet peaee I have enjoyed in Christ since I first believed! Yea, what joy I have had in preaching this gospel in all parts of Christendom! Yea, glory be to God for more than thirty thousand converts, in numerous revivals, who have professed conversion under our preaching. What has God wrought!

Salvation is commensurate and runs parallel with the knowledge and power of the good news. The preaching of Christ was as life from the dead. The law and the prophets were until John; sinee then the kingdom of God is proclaimed. A new dispensation is now begun. God can be just, and also the justifier of all who believe in Jesus. He who believes and is baptized shall be saved.

The gospel is the sharp, two-edged sword, of

old Jerusalem blade and of heavenly temper, which never bends, nor breaks, nor reacts against the Christian soldier, but does glorious execution to the hilt, slaying and making alive by millions. God — Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, in Trinity — speaks, and it is done. A threefold cord is not easily broken, and this union and power are invincible — mighty! Gospel power is the source of regeneration, as we are begotten by his word to be his first fruits. O, sanctify us by thy truth — thy word is truth.

Here is the secret spring and motive power of true reformation, civilization, evangelization, and glorification. Behold the power and revival at Pentecost, the general spread of Christianity through the whole Roman empire, the great reformation in the days of Martin Luther, the glorious awakening in the times of Whitefield, Wesley, and Edwards, or in more modern times under Finney, Knapp, Spurgeon, Earle, and others of revival fame! To God be all the praise!

The gospel is our panoply, living, lever, axe, hope, prose, and poetry. It is the harbinger and the song of the millennium; yea, our glory

in the battle of life, and our triumph in death, and our shout in glory! How, then, can we be ashamed of the law or the gospel? What doctrines, precepts, and fruits are here combined! See what Christianity has done for mankind in elevating man and woman! See what our mothers, sisters, and ourselves would have been without the precious gospel! Look, then, to the blessed effects wherever it is preached and received. Who, then, can be ashamed of the gospel? No one who has ever enjoyed its power. Ashamed of the gospel! Just as soon let midnight be ashamed of noon, or, sooner far, let evening blush to own a star.

O, my brethren, let us, while we stand by the tomb of the Saviour, and look upon Mount Calvary, and survey the Mount of Olives, consecrate ourselves anew to Christ and his cause. Let us thank God, and take courage. Put on the whole panoply, and go up to possess the land. Soon the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of Christ. The banner of the gospel shall soon be unfurled on land and sea, proclaiming liberty of conscience and freedom in Christ, and all the wide, wide world

shall be filled with the gospel of the glory of God. So let it be!

Then shall the New Jerusalem be seen descending from God out of heaven, and the meek shall possess the whole earth. So there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, in which dwells righteousness.

Here is hope and encouragement for us all, amidst all the conflicting signs of the times.

But, my friends, I must thank you for your attention and kindness under God, and ask your prayers. I shall be glad to meet you on gospel ground anywhere, and under heavenly auspices, wherever good Providence may permit. Amen.

Finally, brethren, farewell.

With mind and heart I love the Lord,
The brethren, prayer, and holy word,
His Spirit and my soul attest,
Till mighty grace shall give me rest.

CHAPTER XVII.

LETTER: A WALK ABOUT ZION.

LAST Lord's day I preached from Rom. i. 16, on Zion's Hill, to a few brethren, and administered the Lord's Supper. How few are the witnesses for Jesus! The number of real converts to pure Christianity here is yet very small. Quite a list of names have professed, and kept up some forms, but vital experience and gospel practice are but little known in the city.

Jerusalem is really a very wicked city, cursed of God. Yet we see a star of hope. There are some good ministers and Christians even here; yea, missions, Sunday schools, and prayer meetings.

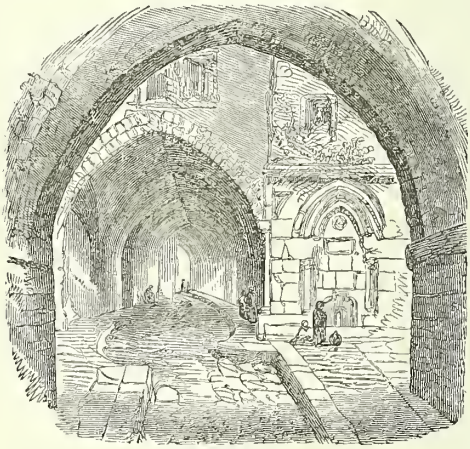
Physically the city is fast improving, and assuming a far better aspect. The Knight Tem-

plars of Austria are now ereeting a magnifieent house on Mount Aere, for entertainment and for elubs, ealled the "Austrian Hospiee;" and they are introdueing earriages and other improvements. The Jews, and also the Greeks, are buying up all the real estate they ean, inside and out; and Mr. Montifore, a rieh Jew, has built a great windmill, and many houses for poor Jews, outside of the eity walls, thus eompeting for the mastery. But what is prosperity in wealth or in sin? Its pleasures are short.

Thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims visit here, and other saered plaees, yearly, and often gather in multitudes, and stay for weeks, and even months. To sell them relies and trinkets is a great and profitable business. Then, too, mueh meat and bread, and other artieles, are required to meet the daily wants of so many. A standing army, too, of hundreds, and sometimes of thousands, is kept here, to preserve order and peaee between the eitizens and the foreigners. But, despite all, there is oeeasionally a little fight for nationalities between Turks, Jews, and Greeks, or some others.

They have here almost all kinds of religions,

and shades of doctrine, representing the whole world. Here idolatry, popery, heresy, error, ignorance, gross crimes, beastly vices, and cruel delusions run riot. How marvellous that God should bear for a single day with such a wicked people! But what of us, and the rest of the wide world? The Lord is good.



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

The city is now healthy, having a population of some thirty or forty thousand, and at times thousands of visitors. Property is rising in money value, and the cost of living has greatly

increased. Since the Crimean war, prices have gone up wonderfully. Besides, the civilized nations seem anxious for a hold and a representation here.

I have walked through and around the city; surveyed her streets, many of which are of great interest; and marked and counted the stones in her walls. Some were forty feet long, three and a half thick by four and a half wide, on the eastern side of the old Temple. I have been much blessed by sights and associations. The walls generally are in as good architectural style as ours in America, and in good repair, with massive gates, well hung.

The tomb of the Saviour is on Zion's Hill, and now covered by the great dome or tabernacle, of immense size, called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or of the Resurrection. Divers nations vie in honoring it by their costly forms, but all in vain.

I can just see the bushy margin of the River Jordan, and the smooth surface of the Dead Sea, from the city heights, and shall soon visit them. I must soon go to Bethlehem, too, and to Solomon's Pools, and then write you more descrip-

tively of these and other remarkable places and things (D. V.).

I am highly privileged here by the kindnesses of Dr. Barclay, Elder Jones, and their families. Truly the Lord provides, and makes all things work for good to the righteous.

Farewell.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LETTER: WONDERS OF JERUSALEM.

THIS city is truly "beautiful for situation," and destined to be the "joy of the whole earth." She stands on hills, upon the eastern slope of the great ridge, and overlooks the valleys, plains, rivers, brooks, pools, ravines, battle-grounds, cemeteries, baptisteries, monuments, the Dead Sea, Mount of Olives, and the high mountain ranges all around. In a wet time the valleys are ponds, and the brooks powerful rivers. Pools are numerous, and many of them quite large; some are of living water, but most of them are artificial tanks or cisterns, filled with rain or snow water from various elevations. There is water enough in Jerusalem, — saying nothing of the abundance of it in the vicinity, — at all seasons of the year,

except in the dryest time, for immersing the whole world, as fast as they might believe and come. There is no want where there is a godly will.

Dr. Barclay has recently immersed some forty candidates in the Virgin Pools, or the Pool of Siloam, which spring from under Mount Moriah.

Wonderful things are here known and enjoyed. I have not only walked around and through Jerusalem, but I have actually been under it. There is a cave, with an entrance on the north side, near Damascus Gate, about a quarter of a mile in extent, supposed to be the old quarry which furnished the marble for the Temple and its walls. It is beautiful and grand as seen by torch-light. Dr. Barclay fortunately discovered it a few years since, for the cave's mouth had for a long time been hidden by rubbish.

The tombs of the kings are situated just north of the city, and are carved out of solid marble rock. Some fifty of these are easily recognized, and most of them are arranged side by side; but in some instances they are also deposited in vaults one story below the other. All the ex-

cavations are in solid limestone. What an amount of labor and skill!

A very large bath, or cistern of water, is close by, as you will generally find contiguous to every important burying-place. This is pure taste, as immersion is, to a believer, a celebration of his faith and hope in Christ, and in the resurrection of the dead.

POOL OF SILOAM.

Let us look a little more about Jerusalem. Behold Mount Calvary; the Mount of Olives, two hundred feet higher; Bethphage and Bethany; Hill of Evil Council; the remarkable Field of Blood; Garden of Gethsemane; Valleys of

Hinnom and of Jehoshaphat; graveyards and monuments; Pools of the Virgin and of Siloam; and other objects of interest, besides the Temple or Mosque of Omar, churches, pinnacles, towers, tombs, and sacred views within the city. This consecrated spot really excels all others in history in importance, in fame, in influence, sublimity, and beauty — the central point of the Christian religion, and the sunlight of the whole world. Behold the Lamb of God, and glory in the cross! God selected this place, and will crown it with effulgent glory. It is physically, and morally, and spiritually sublime. To be sure the carnal mind cannot so discern it, in its present low state; but the spiritual can see it, for they "see light in Christ's light."

A part of the city is now in ruins, and is yearly ploughed. Many live in basements, and dens of misery. Vice, leprosy, poverty, and destruction revel there; infidelity, popery, and idolatry disgrace and destroy immortal souls; but in Christ is a glass, a brighter day — the New Jerusalem of God.

CHAPTER XIX.

LETTER: CALVARY AND HOLY PLACES.

THE common people, in the city and country, seem to have little or no conscience, or it may be that I am wanting in perception, but I am fully persuaded that there is little done, adapted to the low condition of Jerusalem sinners. There are a few good missionaries in this field, and God blesses them.

O, what a place this is for pilgrims! It is now a great time for them, and so it will be for months to come. Soon as the weather gets warm enough, and the prescribed time comes, they will go by thousands to the River Jordan to be immersed at the Pilgrim's Ford. They furnish their own "safe conduct," while we, who go in small numbers, are obliged to pay four or

five dollars each to be guided and guarded safely through the Bedouin tribes, or wandering Ishmaelites. We pay and go safely.

The weather is now fine, balmy, and reviving to us all, and to grass, flowers, and fruits. The people generally seem healthy. The water is all impregnated with limestone. We find nice petrifactions of all kinds, in great abundance. Olives, grapes, figs, dates, oranges, lemons, and many other fruits abound. Garden vegetables are plenty, except potatoes. Thorn-grass is used for fuel to burn lime and brick. The stones worn so in our paths or in the streets are exceedingly and often dangerously slippery. Table living is generally poor, though I fare well. No potatoes are to be had, unless they come from Austria. The people are glad to get the milk of cows, goats, sheep, and even asses. We have no apples and no good cheese, except from Germany. Wood and charcoal are scarce, and, like fruit and food, are sold by weight. Women carry all such to market on their heads, going in long trains, with nimble steps, for many miles.

The cisterns and pools are nearly all dry, and

the people are fearing a drought and famine. Little rain or snow has come to fill the tanks, or fit the fields for crops. Signs are now poor.

The Turks venerate the magnificent mosque of Omar, with its great dome, high and splendid proportions, and rich embellishments, while the Jews on the western side wail, and even kiss the stone walls of the old Temple of Solomon.

Yesterday I visited again the Church of the Resurrection, or Holy Sepulchre. It is a grand, imposing, costly, spacious, complicated superstructure on Zion's Hill, or Mount Calvary, embracing and surmounting the reputed tomb and sepulchre of Jesus Christ. I was awe-struck at beholding the mighty, multiplied exhibitions! After composing myself, I walked, or rather crept, through the low door into the room or vault, hewn from solid stone, containing the sarcophagus or tomb of the Saviour, all covered by the great dome of the Holy Sepulchre. You see on your right, as you enter the sacred room, a beautiful white marble rock, deeply excavated, in which they say positively our Lord was buried. Let it be so; I know of no evidence to the contrary, or of any rivals.

The guards generally require visitors to go in barefoot on their sacred stone floor; but I did not stop for that part of the ceremony, and passed in. When I came out I was filled with wonder and contemplation. O, what memorials, relics of the past, formal pretensions, and signs of the future! But God will make even the wrath of man to praise him, and all things to work well for the righteous, and he will restrain the remainder. My present lodging at the Catholic Hospice is but a few rods south of the Holy Sepulchre, on Zion's Hill.

CHAPTER XX.

LETTER: BETHLEHEM.

FEBRUARY 20. Here is the glorious spot where our Saviour was born — there is no doubt of it. I had long desired to see it with my own eyes, and the gracious Lord has granted me the privilege.

This beautiful morning I started from Jerusalem on the foot path, — as we have no carriage roads, — and soon fell into company with an Arabian woman, who talked, pointed out places, and pleasantly conducted me by the Potter's Field, the Greek Convent of Elias, the Tomb of Rachel, David's Well, and so on, seven miles, to the famous city of Bethlehem. This woman begged for "backsheesh," or a present; but as, in return, I asked her for one, she soon

turned away, with a farewell smile. We had talked all the way in Arabic.

This city covers a pair of united hills, in beautiful range and proportions, quite elevated, and conspicuous for miles, surrounded with splendid terraces on the steep sides, well nigh to their

BETHLEHEM.

oval summits, and farther off by the shepherds' plains and valleys. The towering terraces rise in order, like steps, with white marble edges; and each plateau is covered with gardens, orchards, or houses. Twin hills, to beauty born!

Behold the shepherds now, the sheep, the goats, the cattle, and the fowls! See the olives, figs, and grapes, in great abundance, adorning this natural and historic gem! Praise the Lord!

The Catholic convent here is of vast proportions, and covers the reputed spot of Christ's nativity. Here the monks cite you to the bright spot, in an upper room on the hill-side, on the stone floor, covered with a large silver star three feet in diameter, amid burning candles, costly devices, and historic exhibitions. Truly here is light that displays art, and makes darkness visible! Despite the superstition hung around the Saviour's birthplace, truth looms up to our view, and our souls are refreshed by the heavenly associations. A beautiful marble statuette of the Babe of Bethlehem reposes on a white marble couch, in the same room, close by the star. Let us look, ponder, and improve. Now we will walk out of the "inn," and survey the outer court or yard. Here we find the place where horses, mules, donkeys, and their keepers eat and lodge, on the straw and ground. The manger is a place on which to eat. Christ was born, and cradled, and attended here, by wise

men and angels, in the uncovered yard, where both the poor and the brutes recline and eat. Such places and customs here are now common. The grain and straw are put on the ground, while the animal is tied by his leg to a short hub, or left at liberty. The attendants often sleep in the same enclosure, on or in the strawy manger, with their faces turned to the wall. No wonder if now they have really housed Christ's birth-spot! I feel well repaid for my visit, and always feel solemn, reverential, and revived at each reviewal of the scene. O that men were all sanctified by the truth, and would glory only in the cross!

Bethlehem and vicinity are picturesque, fertile, and full of interest. The weather now is like our May. The washerwomen on the south side of the city take water from the pottery canal, coming from Solomon's Pools, and are lively at their work in the open air, and look healthy.

By the polite invitation of the attending monks, I sat at a sumptuous table, and enjoyed a good dinner, before leaving, in a room adjoining where Christ is said to have been born. O, hallowed associations! No wonder that tens of

thousands visit this memorable spot every year, and at whatever expense and hazard! But I must soon leave, and say farewell.

I expect to remain in Palestine two weeks longer, and then go to Geneva, and down the Rhine.

CHAPTER XXI.

LETTER: CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE HOLY CITY.

AGREEABLY to promise, I write you again from the Holy City. Here I am enjoying the hospitality of Elder William M. Jones, on Mount Acre, in the northern part of the city, on a beautiful hill. Brother Jones is a worthy missionary, from the Seventh Day Baptists, and an old friend of ours from Pennsylvania. He is very industrious in preaching, teaching, and working; but his excellent wife and accomplished daughter add much to his comfort and efficiency. How refreshing to share with such friends in a foreign and weary land! Truly they sacrifice much among a peo-

ple so hard, ignorant, and foreign; but God's grace is amply sufficient for them.

Brother Jones has recently immersed a converted Greek (and there is water enough, always), who has since been severely persecuted and violently beaten for his new religion; but he stands up boldly for Jesus yet.

Everything seems new and refreshing here, however old, no matter how often we pass in review.

The city is about half a mile square, or irregular, with strong, high walls, from fifty to seventy-five feet from the foundations, and has four gates now in use — Jaffa, Golden, Herod's, and St. Stephen's. I have walked around the city, under it, over it, and on its walls. By the way, you cannot climb up from the outside, but must walk up by steps on the inside, if you would mount the walls of Zion, see her untold glories, and be protected by her strong, high bulwarks, in your daily walks. Just so in the kingdom of Christ: we may go in, and up, and around, and rejoice within, and on her battlements.

The Austrian knights are yet hard at work on

their magnificent hospice, for the accommodations of rich clubs and hundreds of guests. They have introduced, through St. Stephen's Gate, the only two-horse carts that have yet entered the city. No carriages are used in the regions around.

The Russians and the French here hold some real estate, and have some grand designs on foot, and other nations look to Jerusalem as a focal, radiating point — a central rendezvous for the whole wide world.

The Turks seem already crestfallen at the sight of their prospects. The so-called Christians — Arminians or Greeks — are fast getting the ascendency. Rents, labor, and living have risen fourfold in price within a few years. The streets are rough, dark, narrow, filthy, and slippery. How stupid and indolent, too, are most of the citizens! They sit cross-legged, smoke tobacco, eat the coarsest of food, and sleep almost anywhere in their clothes.

Men and women of the Turks, Greeks, and Jews are here much alike in their personal habits, and about equal in numbers.

As to crime against person or property, good

judges say they are more safe here than in New York.

Rev. W. Smith, of Philadelphia, Pa., showed his good sense and Christian courage here in travelling alone, or with only a muleteer as a guide. Falsehood, guilt, and cowardice, verily, may cry and blush, but I have yet to see cause for fear or extra caution while travelling in Syria, or in Palestine or elsewhere, for the last four months.

The whole region is now quiet and slothful, rather than warlike. The Dickson family murder and rapine, near Joppa, was a most horrible affair. The father and a married son were killed outright; the mother and daughter suffered severely. But such instances are few. Four of the guilty culprits are now in prison, awaiting death, and the fifth — the principal in the bloody, terrible crime — is searched for by detectives, and all must soon suffer condign punishment. The stolen property has mostly been restored to the poor, insulted, enfeebled, bereaved, widowed mother and daughter, all through the efficiency of our consul, Johnson, of Beyroot, as he tells me. The whole Eastern region seems to fear, respect,

trust, and court Americans. May we do the world good, and ever prove ourselves worthy of confidence! The Lord give us wisdom! I shall soon be on the road to Jordan.

CHAPTER XXII.

LETTER: MOUNT MORIAH AND VICINITY.

THIS sacred mount is, without doubt, the identical spot where stood the holy Temple of Solomon, but where now stands the great Mosque of Omar. Mohammedan worshippers now occupy all the space within the massive high walls. I climbed up into Pilate's Judgment Hall, and looked from the observatory into the beautiful, sacred, renowned enclosure, and closely viewed the exterior splendors of the mosque and the ornamented grounds. I was delighted.

Once I went very close to the open gate, and looked in, but was soon ordered away. By their rule, if I had gone within and spied out their works, I should have suffered the penalty of death, or become a Mussulman. Once they

stoned me for looking at them, while standing as far off as the old Pool of Bethesda. But soon they will be more liberal, by treaty. Near the western wall are the Jewish quarters and their wailing-place. "The veil is yet upon their heart." What can be done for Jerusalem? But I must take another stroll, and rest a little.

As I have often referred to Elder Jones, it may be quite edifying to read a few extracts from his letter to the American Baptist: —

"PALESTINE, February 17.

"DEAR BROTHER BROWN: Your very kind, sympathizing letter of October last came to hand per Elder Emerson Andrews, whom I found in the Casa Nuova — Catholic Hospice — on the evening of the day following his arrival. But how changed he is since I saw him fifteen years ago, at the Triennial Convention in Philadelphia. Brother Andrews preached for me last First-day afternoon, to a congregation of twenty-one persons, which is a good number for an English assembly in the Holy City, considering the many who are tied fast by sect and caste. Brother Andrews was very happy, and

deeply interested us all by his own peculiar style in discoursing upon Romans i. 16: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." I need not say that I am rejoiced to see him, to talk over old times, and call up the reminiscences of by-gone years. Perhaps twenty thousand converts will testify to his labors in the day of accounts.

"The work here is hard and slow. I have to strike hard, night and day, to sow seed broadcast, with patience and hope. Sometimes things look favorable, then cold, stiff, and forbidding. To answer the demands of this modern Babel is a labor not to be coveted; but by God's blessing a minister may hope for and enjoy much in preaching the gospel in Arabic, German, French, and many other tongues. The majority of Protestants here are Episcopalians. I think the tendencies are to a happier state in the Evangelical portion of the community. There is room enough for all.

"The Greek and Roman church power is great upon the people, they being held fast by money in the shape of backsheesh.

"Yesterday Elders Barclay, Andrews, Per-

rine, and myself took a rough ride over the hills on this high Mountain range, northward, to Michmash, for some three hours. The scenery is made up of rocks, hedges, valleys, scattered villages, and deserts of Judea, and along the Jordan, the mountains of Moab, Rock Rimmon, and much else of great interest to the Bible student. Pray for me, and for the peace of Jerusalem.

"Yours, in the gospel,

"WILLIAM M. JONES."

The above is from our mutual friend and dear brother in Christ, whose knowledge, skill, and kindness have merited my gratitude.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LETTER: VISIT TO THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

FEBRUARY 27. I have had a glorious season, for three days past, in visiting the river Jordan, and the old spot of Jericho, and the Dead Sea. On the morning of our starting, as our company was gathering on the flat roof of the Mediterranean Hotel, the snow came down like wool, and the weather signs looked rather squally; but being ready, and with courage fired up, we left in full tilt on our road to Jordan. Physically it is a "hard road to travel."

A select company of twenty — ministers, lawyers, merchants, professors, with a consul and a governor, all mounted on Arabian horses, headed by a commissioned Bedouin chief on his high-

mettled steed — dashed onward over rocks, hills, and pitfalls, through deep gullies and wide plains, till we saw the "sights."

Reverends Orton and Perrine, Chaplain Bettinger, Professor Brewer, Governor Seymour of Connecticut, Consul Johnson, and many other choice spirits, gave delight to our journey.

Passing out of St. Stephen's Gate, on the east side of Jerusalem, near the old Pool of Bethesda, we descended the hill, crossed over the Brook Cedron and the Mount of Olives, and on to Bethphage and Bethany, to the old commemorated grave or tomb of Lazarus. Truly the name of the righteous is fragrant, and shall be "held in everlasting remembrance." Here we alighted, and, with deep emotions and solemn reflections, gazed upon the keepers, upon the dilapidated walls, upon the ruins and scenery around, and then looked into the deserted tomb. Here Jesus wept with Mary and Martha (see John xi. 1–46); and how could we help weeping, under the eventful circumstances and thrilling associations? We looked intensely, and scarce a word did speak, but, hesitatingly turning away with a last, lingering look, we finally

remounted our saddles, with Bible imagery on our minds, and, in funereal pace, gradually left the grave behind.

Soon noon came, and we halted for dinner. Our dragoman, with ample stores, spread the simple table on the ground, while we were seated all around. There we joyfully ate a sumptuous feast, in primitive style, drinking, as temperance men, the pure water, just drawn from a rocky pool near by.

All rested and refreshed, we again sallied forth over slippery rocks, deeply-worn stone paths, over steep ridges, near precipices and "bottomless pits," till we sighted the Valley of Jericho, and the Jordan. Splendid scene! We here beheld the three Lazarine or "Quarantania" Mountains, one much higher than the others, on which Jesus Christ fasted, and was tempted by the devil. (Luke iv. 1–13.) Our feelings can better be imagined than described. Near the foot of the mountain, we visited Joshua's Pools, drank of the water, viewed his old garden and farm, cut reeds for pens, enriched our portfolios, and left, via Jericho, for Jordan. But, bad as were the appearances, we fell not "among thieves."

On our delightful ride over a fine sandy, loamy, fertile, wide plain and valley, we rode nine miles on a quick gallop, jumping hillocks, ditches, hedges, and holes, over good old Abraham's farm, till we made the celebrated "Pilgrim's Ford," so noted for the passage of the children of Israel under Caleb and Joshua, and for the baptism of Christ by John the Baptist, and for the annual visits of the pilgrims and others for the last eighteen hundred years.

We found Jordan's banks steep, rough, bushy, and gravelly, and the bed of the river some one hundred and fifty feet wide, and the water from three to eight feet deep in a dry time. The water is quite swift in places, so that it is unsafe to walk in the shallows, on the rolling, smooth pebbles. It is very turbid with loam and the abrasions from trees, but becomes clear and fit to drink after standing to settle a while, and is good to bathe in, as twenty of us can testify by our own happy experience in swimming there.

Regaled in body and spirits, after getting specimens of stones and sticks, we galloped our course back to Jericho. By the way, we became benighted and puzzled, and wandered wide, but

regained our path by sighting the stars, and those "mountains of temptation," till we clambered over a little brook, and encamped on the ruins of Jericho, that famous city, near the old tower, and beside the flowing brook. We ate a good supper at ten o'clock, and retired to our beds to sleep, under the music of jackals and other wild beasts. Sweet was our rest. How Achan must have felt here when stoned to death! What a change!

The morning dawned beautifully. We surveyed with delight the historic city, and the vicinity. We saw and tasted the "golden apples of Sodom," but O, how bitter! We threw them away. Our breakfast all over, and horses caparisoned, we were soon off on a canter over the variegated and rich meadows for a bath in the Dead Sea. This sea is still, and smooth as glass, being so salt and heavy. The water tastes horribly, and will make the eyes or any sore spot smart severely. I was the first to plunge in, head first, and thereby disturb the placid waters; but soon, by the density of the salt, bituminous, and alkaline waters, I was thrown on the surface, as if resting on a bed. Others imitated my

example. I here lay floating, with hands and feet at liberty, for fifteen minutes, and, the while, singing the sweet hymn, "Star in the East." An Englishman once said that "he punched his body to get himself under water, but could not, and that in the sunlight he sparkled all over, as an animated stick of 'rock candy,' and felt as if covered with pepper and razor points." But this is all exaggeration. You may smart, if your skin is not good, or only be covered with rough particles of salt, for the water is stronger than brine. I bottled a pint of it for you and my friends.

This ancient Sodom, destroyed by fire and brimstone in the days of "righteous Lot," receives the shadows of the mountains on the west, and looks, at the going down of the sun, like "the valley of the shadow of death." O, how dismal are the shades! Its vicinity looks like shame, theft, and murder provoked. God's judgments yet instruct us.

Well satisfied with this part of our stroll, we mounted our horses, and sped over the rough, high, slippery, rocky, mountainous, steep, irregular, crooked pathway, through dangerous tribes

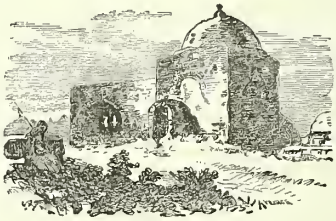
of Ishmaelites, till we came to Mar Sabas, on the high acclivities of the brook Cedron, nine miles south-east of Jerusalem. Here we stopped for the night in the Greek monastery. Saint Sabas is built many stories high, like so many steps, up the ascending cliffs, till the upper story crowns the top. This was a stronghold for the monks in the wilderness of Engedi, till the Persian king, they say, "made war upon them, and slew fourteen thousand of their number," the skulls of whom we saw piled up in a room within. It was a ghastly sight; but O, the memory of bloody scenes! Many Greek monks are here yet, but are very cautious.

We were introduced in due form, as our letters, signed by our consul at Jerusalem, were received and answered by a person in the third story, letting down a basket by a rope, as in the days of Paul, from the wall. Then the main door was soon open, and we all partook of their bountiful hospitality. There, too, you may behold the life-size statues of Christ and his apostles, in bold relief, as if massive and of pure gold. It was one of the grandest of exhibitions,

and most powerful in effect upon us all. We shall never forget this sublime monastery.

After sight-seeing, rest, and breakfast, we steered for the Holy City, via Bethlehem, passing by many of the encamped Bedouins — Ishmaelites, dwelling in the "black tents of Kedar," tents covered with cloth made of dark goat's-hair; but we feared them not. As we had already visited the birthplace of Christ, we staid there but a short time, though we lingered a while in the shepherds' valley.

On our path, half way between the cities, three miles from Bethlehem, we visited the tomb of good old Rachel. It is a high, white dome,



RACHEL'S TOMB.

surmounting an oblong monument of stuccoed masonry, walled around. To this grave of a mother in Israel persons of all creeds delight to

resort, and pay homage to her memory. Infidels, Mohammedans, Greeks, Jews, and Christians vie with each other in sacred regards to her worth. Turks and Arabs seek to have their ashes and the bodies of their children repose so near to Rachel's monument that the shadow of it may sweep over their graves. How honored is her memory, while Absalom's Pillar is pelted with stones, on every side lying in hateful heaps around! Well might such a virtuous, godly wife cost old Jacob fourteen years of hard labor, and be inexpressibly cheap at that price!

Passing on another hour's ride, we arrived safely and thankfully at our quarters on Mount Zion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LETTER: SCENES OF THE JORDAN.

MARCH 2. The holy Jordan rises a few miles north of Cesarea Philippi, starting out from among the high rocks on the western slope of Mount Hermon. At its source a small pool is formed near the foot of Anti-Lebanon Mountain, whence the Jordan meanders through the valleys, receiving divers tributary streams, till it extends into the Sea of Galilee, close by Bethsaida. This place, on the eastern bank, is still regarded with interest, and often described to pilgrim strangers. The beautiful valley, all through, is variegated with the most beautiful and luxuriant fields, fruits, and flowers.

On each side of the river, the bottoms and the hill-sides are very productive. How fragrant

the richly-varied flowers in full bloom, and how generous the corn, the olive, and the vine! The size of the stream and its rapidity vary much, according to the season, drought, or flood. February and March bring floods from rain and melted snow, rising some ten or twenty feet high, overflowing the lower and higher banks, and spreading out from fifty to two hundred and fifty feet on each side; yea, sometimes for many miles, during the swellings of Jordan. It is often slow, sluggish, moderate, precipitous, high, deep, or rolling in mountain torrents, according to the season, and country it flows through, on its changeable passage for many miles, till it opens into the Dead Sea, five miles below the Pilgrims' Ford.

To us Christians the scenes of the Jordan are full of instruction and interesting associations. Lot left Abraham, and chose all the plains of Jordan. Its waters parted when the Ark of the Covenant was carried to the stream, and the children of Israel, with Joshua, their leader, passed over right against Jericho, seven miles west of Jordan. It is also celebrated as the sacred river in which leprous Naaman, captain

of Syria, was dipped seven times, and healed. Here, too, multitudes, from all the surrounding regions, and Jesus Christ himself, were immersed by John the Baptist. To commemorate Christ's baptism, at Easter, thousands of Pilgrims from Russia, Greece, and other nations, come to Jerusalem; yea, and from every kingdom and clime in Christendom, they repair to this consecrated spot, to witness the scenes, or to immerse themselves in the name of the Triune God at these anniversaries, in order to cleanse themselves from all unrighteousness.

This meeting, or performance, is at the Pilgrims' Ford, about five miles above the Dead Sea. The anniversary of our Saviour's baptism takes place on the 18th of April. At that time you may see multitudes of Poles, Russians, Copts, Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, and others from the four quarters of the globe, old and young, of every style, caste, and language, going on donkeys, camels, horses, mules, or on foot, as best they can, till the devotees, in great haste, careless of all obstacles, disrobe themselves, and eagerly plunge into the baptismal stream. Some of the upper classes are more

modest, and dress themselves with elegant long robes for their immersion, and preserve the used robe as a robe of righteousness, and a winding-sheet for their burial. This is regarded as patent evidence of the pilgrim's merits, and a title to the hoped-for state. The candidates are very enthusiastic, and all absorbed in their own performance, to the utter disregard of all observers. Thus rushing down the banks, and hastening into the river, each one of the vast multitudes immerses himself or herself, or is dipped by the help of another, three times in succession, below the surface of the water, in honor of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

The bathing dresses of the pilgrims are long and of divers colors, and textures, and qualities; but most of them are white, with a black cross inwrought upon the breast. A scene similar to the above I once witnessed in Greece in the Bay of Athens and Piræus, on the 18th of January last. At the ceremony of Baptizing the Cross (mentioned in a previous letter), many Greeks, nearly naked, and others well robed, plunged wildly into the clear cold water, immediately after the immersion of the cross by the priest, dipping

themselves three times, hastily, as they do at the Jordan.

Soon as they arose, they shouted vociferously; but after remaining awhile, unmindful of the severe cold weather, they went on their way, making merry till they arrived at the chapel, or at their homes.

But these pilgrims to the Holy City and the Jordan, after their baptism, re-attire themselves, bottle some of the water, and cut branches of the willows, consecrating these also, by dipping them in Jordan. These they bear away to their distant homes, as sacred reminiscences of their sacrificial pilgrimage. In a few hours, apparently satisfied, the crowd disappears as if by magic. The willows and other small trees, with the diversified ridges and plains, eclipse our further observation in the distance.

Jordan is very rapid at this ford below the eddy, crooked, muddy, and in some places, above and below, is three, eight, twelve, or twenty feet deep, according to the season and circumstances, and is often from fifty to two hundred and fifty feet wide, saying nothing of its increased width in great freshets, already noticed.

The eastern bank is very steep, generally; but the western is low and variegated with trees, fruits, and flowers in great luxuriance. The locust tree is called, in derision, "the bad boy's tree," as the prodigal son hungered for it.

As we leave here for the Holy City, we travel, generally, over seven miles, through a partly cultivated plain, interspersed with sand hills, ravines lined with shrubbery, then over gullies, and brooks, and thorny hedges, till we come to Jericho. Here, in gloomy ruins, you may see the remains of the old castle, the house of Zaccheus, a few Arab huts, and some filthy inhabitants.

Two miles farther west we come to the margin of Joshua's Garden and beautiful pools. Casting our eyes still westward, we behold the notable Lazarine, or "Quarantania" Mountains, on the highest peak of which our Saviour is said to have been tempted by Satan. On the south we view the Dead Sea, which, at evening time, is most strikingly the valley of the shadow of death, as I have before stated. On the east we gaze upon the high mountains of Moab, Nebo, and Pisgah, at the foot of which we would sing anew, —

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore."

CHAPTER XXV.

LETTER: FAREWELL TO PALESTINE.

BEFORE leaving Jerusalem I made a number of visits, besides those already noticed. On a delightful morning, — and we have many such in this region, — Elder Jones and myself, mounted on two fine nags, galloped over the hills, and through the valleys of Judea, near Rachel's tomb, past Bethlehem, for nine long miles, to Solomon's Pools, situated in a south-westerly direction from the Holy City. They are three in number, varying from three to five hundred feet in length, by one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet in width, — eye measurement, — one just above the other, covering the brook which flows from the Fountain Sealed. There is now but little water in the pools, and that is confined chiefly to the

channel and the lowest pool. It is now, indeed, a dry time.

The pools are very picturesque, and are formed by a deep ravine between two ridges, terraced by nature, from the lowest point upward, by beautiful layers of white limestone, making fine steps, with four thick, high walls or breastworks of stone and mortar, thrown up, cemented, reaching across from hill to hill, with lesser walls, along some of the lower sides of the ridges.

The inside of the pools presents, as a natural formation, a series of descending steps from the upper strata of the side walls, gradually letting you down to the lowest stage of running water. These bottoms, or plateaus, are finely variegated, but irregular, having steps and offsets, well adapted for baptizing multitudes, fast as they might come, at all times and seasons, at any desirable depth of water. Said Rev. Mr. Perrine, a Methodist minister, while viewing the spot, "Nothing better for the purpose of baptizing by immersion could be conceived, if made expressly for that object." "Amen," I said. "We are right."

These pools are mostly supplied by the rains

or melting snows of February and March. So there come from the side hills or ridges the waters that fill the pools. But the only living, tributary stream is from the Fountain Sealed, spoken of by King Solomon. This is about one hundred rods above and west of the upper pool. It is well protected by a small entrance, stoned around, which many travellers pass through to see the subterraneous fountain; but I was too large, in winter dress, to find admission through the cave's mouth, though I tried hard to screw myself down to the edge of the fountain. This is never failing, and well supplies the channel of the pools in the dryest times. O, let sinners repent and be baptized!

These waters are conducted by a stone and mortar canal, called the Pottery Canal, — something like the Croton aqueduct, — down past Miss Miner's lost gardens and farm, to the city of Bethlehem, where some of the water is taken out for washing and other purposes. Then it continues on six or seven miles farther, through the Shepherd's Valley, around the hill of the Greek convent, — the "half-way place" between the sacred cities, — near the Hill of Evil Council

and the Potter's Field, amidst the fine orchards of fruitful olives, down through the valley of Hinnom, and under the walls of Mount Zion, into Solomon's Temple. So now the Mosque of Omar, on Mount Moriah, with the worshippers there and the visitors to the Holy City, receives these sweet waters. It is thought that the waste water contributes something to the rise of the Virgin Pools and Siloam.

We had a delightful ride for the day, and made many interesting observations upon the very ground where patriarchs, kings, Christ and the apostles, so often trod. There was a kind of inspiration felt and enjoyed, and as "we mused the fire burned."

At another time, alone and without a guide, save a passing pilgrim, I visited St. John's Place, or where he is said to have stood and preached to multitudes, discipling and baptizing. A Catholic convent now marks the spot, and the kind monks will guide you to the sacred relics. A stone, or large rock, is now safely secured within these walls by lattice-work of iron, or with iron grates, to debar visitors from pounding off specimens to carry away. On this rock, they

say, John the Baptist preached some of his memorable sermons. Very likely.

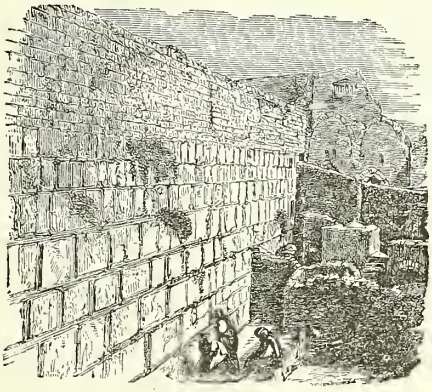
Besides other interesting objects, the monks showed me some pictures of surpassing excellenee, namely, John baptizing Christ in the Jordan, and the multitudes of converts. But, alas! the awful, bloody, yet finely executed pieture of old eruel Herod slaying the children of two years old and under, and the murderous beheading of John the Baptist! These are pietures of skilful workmanship, on canvas, of many feet square, hanging from the high and long walls — a ghastly but instructive sight! I have never seen their equal in any other country. I shall never forget them.

Here I quietly ate, and wrote letters, and slept. Next morning, after showing me to the house-top, and to the interesting things of the adjoining valley, and to the breakfast table, they kindly showed me my best way to the City of the Great King, called by the natives The Holy. O, behold the place here in the wilderness! O, the memorable preaehing station of John the Baptist! But how changed! Popery and Moslemism, indolence, vice, and squalid

poverty mark the whole region as a curse. I there wandered, meditated, prayed, and wept, and gave myself anew to God's service. But after casting back a few lingering looks, I fell in with a long train of market-women, carrying on their heads all kinds of produce, grain, vegetables, wood, charcoal, meat, fowls, eggs, wine, fruit, and flowers. They were very nimble, talkative, and quite polite. I occasionally met with or overtook a donkey train, with men riding and doing similar service, during my morning walk of nine miles, till I made the city.

Here I refitted, revisited, and took my farewell view of the city of wonders. I revisited and ascended Pilate's Judgment Hall, on the Via Dolorosa, overlooking the Temple on Mount Moriah, — the sacred arch of "Behold the Man," — and enjoyed a splendid prospect, with objects of note; then the Church of the Flagellation, where Christ is said to have been scourged; also the stone, or pinnacle, on which they say the cock crew when Peter denied his Lord; the Pool of Bethesda (now mostly filled up, fifty or more feet); the Jews Wailing Place, on the west side of the old Temple, where they

meet on every Friday afternoon, and weep, read, and cry aloud, putting their faces between the massive stones, and kissing the walls thereof — all praying fervently for the coming of the Messiah, and making great lamentations; and next the Jewish Synagogue, Greek, and Armenian con-

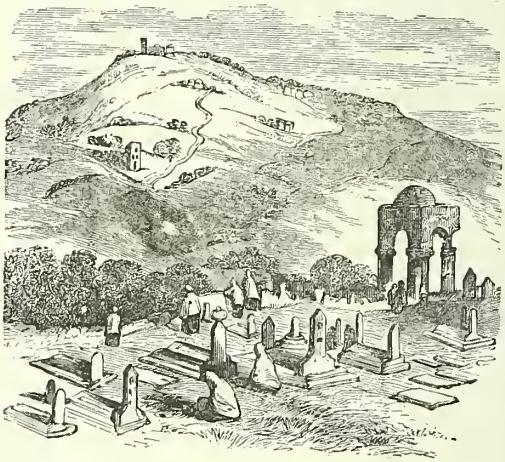


JEWS' WAILING PLACE.

vents, where myriads of pilgrims congregate yearly. Again I walked upon, and around, and within Zion's walls, and "marked her bulwarks" anew. In some places the walls are one hundred and fifty feet high.

I also revisited the Mount of Olives, Mary's

Tomb, Gethsemane, with its large square plot of eight olive trees, walled in, and the Church of the Ascension, on the top of the Mount of Olives, also the rock on which they say the Saviour left the impress of his foot when he ascended to



MOUNT OF OLIVES.

heaven, and the road that he travelled when the disciples shouted hosannas, and where Jesus wept, as he beheld the city. I shall not soon forget these sacred spots, nor the feelings that I experienced while treading the ground where

Jesus and his disciples walked, nor the miracles wrought and prophecies fulfilled and fulfilling in their connection. The Lord sanctify the whole! But, alas, the once glorious city has come down wonderfully! Yet we look for her resurrection, with faith, hope, and assurance.

Farewell now, O Jerusalem, and may the day of thy restoration soon dawn, and the song of peace and good will be sung the world around. "Farewell, friends, I must be gone."

I left the Holy City on the 1st of March, in company with Governor Thomas H. Seymour, of Connecticut, Chaplain Bettinger, of the Macedonian, Professor Brewer, of Yale College, Revs. Towns, Orton, Perrine, and other gentlemen, and rode, via Nebe Samuel's Tomb, Gibeon, Elgebe, Valley of Ajalon, where the sun and moon stood still during the battle and victory of Joshua, and then crossed the mountain's ridge, by the camel's path down to Ludd, or Lydda, where Peter healed Eneas of his palsy, and so on, three miles more to Ramleh, where we lodged at the Four Consulates, — American, English, Persian, and Prussian, — and fared well;

yea, as weeks ago, when we lodged there, at the Roman convent.

This city is a place where some wealth and power have concentrated, and is the centre of a rich farming region and valley. Much money is said to lie buried under ground for safe keeping, for fear of the Ishmaelites and other marauders. The government is poor and uncertain, so that enterprise has but little encouragement.

As we looked and rode over the valleys, like Acre and Sharon, we spied the roses and lilies in full bloom, among rocks and thorns, and the fruit trees coming out in beautiful spring dress, till we re-entered the old city of Jaffa.

Here we were delayed, storm-bound, for a week and more, awaiting a steamer for Egypt. So I revisited Simon's old tannery, stone vat, set-kettles for hot-liquor tanning, and there drank at the well.

It was near here that Dorcas made the aprons. I visited also the English Hospital and Jewish Home, a fine plantation, a mile out east, for the benefit of the Jews, and there partook of the hospitalities. O, what fine orchards of oranges, lemons, and other fruits, now greet our eyes!

But we must again say farewell to old Jaffa! Yes, after the last ten days' lodging in a truly Romish convent, all free as we pleased.

A Greek patriarch and suite join here for old Alexandria, and on we sail. Good by.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LETTER: FAREWELL TO EGYPT.

MARCH 10. I have just returned from Jerusalem, via Joppa, on a French steamer. We had a very agreeable time of it, with the noble Greek patriarch and our own choice company. The weather was fine, and the sea calm. How clear the atmosphere is! The stars, instead of appearing to be set in sockets in the vaulted heavens, seem rather to stand out in bold advance, as if hanging by some unseen fixture in the sky, right over the Mediterranean. We gazed with delight and wonder. We at times had a good view of the verdant shore, passed the delta of the Nile, and made this city of monuments, evergreens, and windmills.

Jews, Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, and a sprinkling of all castes and nations, occupy this city

and vicinity. But yet the railroad and public offices of enterprise are mostly under the direction of Englishmen and Americans. The hotels and boarding-houses are mostly kept by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians. Many eating-houses are kept by natives, but chiefly of a lower order, and for a very common class, and very cheap withal. English engines, cars, and boats are thought to be preferable to American, though not so beautiful or fast. Native cotton in Egypt, annual and perennial, is abundant, and increasing yearly, and bids fair to rival American cotton. Corn is very abundant, and now lying unhusked on the ground, or in ears spread over the sand-banks. Cotton and corn stalks are used as fuel for burning lime, and brick, and pottery, also for heating ovens for baking purposes.

The soil on the Nile is rich and fertile, from one to twenty feet deep, of vegetable mould, with a fair admixture of loam, clay, and sand. It needs no manure; and well it does not, for this is generally used as country fuel in heating houses and cooking food. Some of our emigrants overland to California understand its use, too, where there is no other fuel, by the

name of "vash." This is prepared, dried, and packed up as wood.

Palm and date trees are very numerous on the Nile, and tall, some running up, sometimes, one hundred and fifty feet high, and bearing abundant fruit at their tops. Beautiful indeed to the eye, and how sweet the food to our taste! Here we have the "first fruits." The olive tree, too, is equally indigenous to this soil and climate, and very fruitful.

Wheat straw is cut fine for mules and camels, to be eaten with grain, or alone. Oxen, cows, and a kind of depreciated buffalo, are very numerous, and are hitched or watched while feeding. Sheep are generally coarse, loose-wooled, and look poor, often herding with the goats, and sometimes mix and cross, they say; so that none but an expert shepherd can run the line of distinction, or tell the difference. Christ, the good, gracious Shepherd, knows his sheep, and is known of them, though we judge ever so imperfectly. Some sheep look much like goats. This is a portraiture of backsliders. How true!

There is much game along the Nile, upward, such as foxes, rabbits, pigeons, ducks, and many

other kinds, to engage sporting gentlemen from the Continent and elsewhere. Fish fill the Nile, and, after the overflow subsides, they are left in the pools, ponds, and minor streams, in all quantities, to be scooped out by hand or nets, for table use.

While visiting Egypt, I witnessed a great military parade at Cairo. The officers were of good size, form, and fashion, with most splendid uniforms, and acquitted themselves well; but the soldiers were generally remarkably small, yet quite expert.

The railroads are now doing much for Egypt, but the improvements are all from abroad. The small farmers rent their six, ten, or twenty acres of land at the agencies of the Pasha, or of the sub-agents, and pay enormous rents or taxes to support lazy dignitaries, and live themselves miserably poor, filthy, and benighted. Only look yonder, and behold a man holding an antiquated plough, drawn by a woman on the land side, and by an ox or an ass at the other end of the long yoke, going in the furrow! O, mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, — women of Christendom, — how much you owe to religion!

The people are not generally "given to much wine or strong drink," but drink water and coffee, also take snuff and smoke tobacco, incessantly, from morning till night, sitting and standing. They eat the simplest food, in primitive style, or worse, and lodge in mud huts, or anywhere. Living costs them but little. When sick, they will lie in the sunshine, to enjoy "the healing from its wings."

The Pasha lives in grandeur in a new palace, made expressly for himself and family, having one real wife, and some scores of others (?) in his harem. His children are but few, and generally feeble, as is often the case with polygamists. Brigham Young may yet aspire to be a Turkish pasha.

But I must close this letter, and lie down — not on a feather bed, or on a downy pillow, — for I have not found them in Egypt, — but on fine cotton ones, overhung with mosquito nets, required here for comfort, even in winter. It is getting late. I am to leave here to-morrow — bound to the Isle of Malta.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LETTER: RETROSPECT AT MALTA.

MARCH 14. I have had a good trip from Alexandria to this famous island Malta, which is now a central sea depot for the "circulating ships" on these "great waters," noticed in Bible history.

I am now on my return passage, and expect soon to visit Switzerland, Germany, and England, on my way to New York. As my mind refuses to quit the past scenes, and still lingers behind my person, musing with delight, permit me to make some new corroborative and desultory reflections, and notice some passing incidents, which may refresh my readers.

I have enjoyed thus far, with only slight interruptions, a very pleasant and profitable tour. The painful quarantines even have had their re-

deeming features; and so I may say of all the little, and numerous, and transient vexations by delays, deceptions, frauds, beggars, inconveniences, weariness, and sufferings. I "remember no more the anguish" for the transcendent "joy that succeeds."

The Turkish government is yet weak, sickly, and inefficient, in all parts wherever I have travelled under its flag; and it seems peculiar, and somewhat wonderful, that the subjects should do so well under such imbecile rulers. But the Lord overrules all for good. The worth of coined money even changes capriciously at the beck of the Sultan or Pasha. Wood being scarce and dear in the cities of the Levant, and even sold by the pound, the inhabitants suffer much, and burn the most filthy substitutes. Thorns, such as probably composed the Saviour's bloody crown, are often gathered, dried, and used in large quantities as fuel, thus crackling under the pot.

The rocks under and in the walls of the Holy City are mostly limestone; and some of these are of excellent marble, of splendid colors and varieties.

Sheep, goats, cows, and calves are grazing all around the city, and are slaughtered lying on the ground, while very poor. We had no fat meat there.

The horses, mules, donkeys, and camels are generally kept up for convenience and use, being fed on cut straw and grain, but look poor and rough. Still they perform wonderfully over those hills, gullies, and slippery rocks. My fine steed, of some eight hundred pounds' weight, with a rider of two hundred and thirty, fell only once on his knees during all my rides. We had to pay only forty cents per day for rides about the Holy City, and some sixty for going so far off as to need an attendant with feed. I could hardly have believed it to be in the power of a horse to carry me as did the little nags that I rode in Palestine; nor in the power of a donkey to carry me, as mine did once, from Cairo to the Pyramids and back the same day.

Most of the water is offensively poor, gathered in rainy seasons — spring and fall — from roofs and hills, and not filtered. There are but few living streams, and most of the natural springs fail in the dry times, or somehow disappear when

most needed. A few wells, from one hundred to two hundred feet deep, yield abundantly in dry seasons. A little water runs along the brook Cedron, around the old site of the Tower of Siloam, so that women were washing clothes in it in a dry time.

There are various Bedouin tribes scattered all over Palestine, who claim the districts which they occupy. They make game of some strangers, and extra vain travellers, and fight among themselves sometimes, but not very often, they say. The Sultan could not subdue these Ishmaelites, even by a long and bloody war, but had to make terms by a kind of compromise; so that, in going down to Jordan, you must pay to their chiefs or sheiks from three to five dollars each to get a safe conduct. This fee is now fixed by "the powers that be."

The land is mostly hilly, rocky, full of caves, pits, gulfs, precipices, with some high ridges and peaks, interspersed with small and large valleys, all very fertile when well watered. The beautiful valleys of Sharon and Acre, as well as those of Jordan and all between the seas, are fertile as prairies, and often gay with crops, fruits, and

flowers. I often saw the lily and the rose in midwinter. Near the Jordan and the Dead Sea, or on the Mediterranean, it is much warmer than at Jerusalem. About Joppa are many orchards of oranges, lemons, olives, and the vineyards of sweet grapes. And here you may see Mount Ararat, the spot which the ark made sacred in the days of good old Noah, and also marks of the flood.

Some great changes in Palestine — yea, in Christendom and the wide world — must soon take place. Jerusalem must be emancipated and rebuilt, and her glory restored. The glorious hills must echo and re-echo with sacred songs. Abraham's old farm, and all the world, shall be tilled for God. Peace, plenty, and good-will shall crown the globe! As yet, the harvest fields are great, and the laborers few. The enemy is numerous and strong, and "iniquity comes in like a flood;" but we will raise our standard for Jehovah, and "a nation shall be born in a day." The New Jerusalem will come, and Mount Zion crown the world with glory!

Yours for revivals and heaven.

Malta, March 15. I will, in closing, give my

friends and readers a few more interesting items.

In Palestine, and many parts of the Orient, pilgrimages and journeys are begun at three o'clock P. M., at three miles an hour till six o'clock, parties preferring to start so as to easily send back after encamping for the night, in case anything important should be found wanting, or be recollected. The camels will travel seven days easily without water. "Black tents of Kedar" is a term used to reproach the tribe of Ishmael. Resting on rocks by night, and in their shadow by day, is common in old "Bible lands." Lands distant from cities are called "deserts," however fertile or well cultivated. "Waste howling wilderness" implies wind, sand, thirst, woe. Dangerous pits, ditches, and slippery paths are common. Streams and wells are very variable and deceptive. Fiery serpents, scorpions, and asps are dangerous in summer. Snow from the peaks of Lebanon is used for ice. "Whited sepulchres" are costly, common, and much visited. Women carry their children astride on their shoulders. People walk, sit, talk, smoke, take views, and sleep on the house-

top. Arab villages have houses for strangers, all free. Bells on teams tend to enliven, and to keep beasts from wandering. The gates of Jerusalem are shut at sundown, — except Joppa, a half hour later, — and opened at sunrise. Walking in the dark in the city is *prima facie* proof of guilt. Mustard trees at Nazareth, as in California, are big enough for choirs of birds to sing in. Locust-tree pods are coarse, sweet food, and very abundant. Tares are like wheat, goats like sheep, and impostors like models, till God judges. Jews and Gentiles read aloud in a sing-song style, even when alone. Many Bible places can hardly be identified, being ruined so often. A camel's average load is five hundred pounds; a mule's, two hundred and fifty; an ass's, one hundred and fifty. From February till June is a good time to travel in "Bible lands." Beware of strangers, guides, or any vain show of wealth.

Be watchful, prayerful, consistent, temperate, faithful to the end. Thus follow the polar star of Christianity, till we meet in heaven.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LETTER: TOUR OF THE RHINE.

I HAVE had a delightful journey from Malta and Marseilles; but at the latter city we were kept in quarantine for two days, because there was "plague" or sickness in Egypt — last year! What an imposition! What folly! Yet we patiently endured it all, paid our money for it, and rejoiced the more when set free.

Marseilles is now a grand harbor. Having got my passport "vised" a second time in that city, and my banking done up, I soon left for Geneva and the tour of the Rhine.

Lyons, on our way, is a beautiful, enterprising, prosperous city, second only to Paris. Our railroad was through a fine farming country till we approached the mountains. Here we as-

cended by the side of a river, amid ravines, hills, vales, and varied scenery of living green. Here rocks piled on rocks, with alternating layers of earth between, growing up into splendid terraces, beautify the hills and mountains, till we hail the city of John Calvin.

Geneva is truly picturesque, beautifully situated, as it is, on a plateau bordering the lake, and surrounded with the green hills and white mountains. Behold these high Jura mountains, and the snow-capped Alps, dressed in bridal white from head to foot! The rich valleys, green as summer, and the hill-sides, terraced, and covered with grape-vines, greet you — a romantic panorama. How delightful!

The city contains thirty thousand inhabitants, and is noted, at present, for making watches and clocks, nice and cheap. It was once the stronghold of the Reformation, and has continued to be the advocate of liberty.

The famous John Calvin and his coadjutors here preached, and engraved their lives and their religion. I visited Calvin's old temple, stood in the famous pulpit, and sat in the old-fashioned chair. His grave is quite unadorned, and marked

only by a headstone, twelve inches high by ten wide, with the bare inscription, "J. C." How plain, and how sublime! He needed no other. He hated sin, error, and popery. He wrote, practically, his own autobiography, his immortal epitaph.

Geneva, during the past winter, has been mortally and terribly scourged with black measles, or putrid small-pox, to the destruction of many scores of sufferers. After surveying the place, people, curiosities, and enterprises, and reviewing its history till the present, I then took the steamboat on Lake Geneva for Basle.

O, what a fine view! Mont Blanc and the whole family of hills were all grand beyond description. Lake Neufchatel, too, is twelve miles wide by fifty-four long — crooked, often narrow; clear, pure water, the best that I have tasted since I left America. It is full of the best of fish — skirted with gardens, vineyards, terraced slopes, grazing hills, and distant, high mountains. I felt, by times, just as if I were on a lake or in a valley of New Hampshire, only enlarged, and adorned with mountains a little more lofty than Mount Washington, and scenery more

varied and sublime. Blessed country! Sweet homes!

Basle is a rich, smart, thriving city — the first in Switzerland as to importance. Here is one of the oldest and largest cathedrals, of real Gothic. For a few hours I was involuntarily detained, for resembling some one else, but soon went on.

I next visited Manheim, via railroad, and so down the river Rhine. We passed meadows wide, rich, and well watered, also the productive hills and "black forests" which line their low borders.

From Manheim I went by steamboats all the way to Rotterdam. As we passed the city of Worms, I was powerfully reminded of Martin Luther.

From Mayence to Cologne the scenery surpasses all that I ever saw or imagined. Nature and art are here wonderfully combined. You may behold fifty huge, old castles, ruins; high and steep hills, terraced to their tops, all covered with fine gardens and vineyards; some lofty peaks, deep gullies; immense rocks, of all shapes, classes, and names; scenery varied and

sublime; a large, swift, crooked river, bearing onward our noble boat over rapids, amidst narrow straits, bold, rocky palisades, and high, ever-green mountains. This trip pays well.

Cologne is especially noted for making sweet perfumes. The cathedral, of Gothic architecture, is the most magnificent and beautiful specimen to be found. It is five hundred and eleven feet long by two hundred and thirty-one feet wide, surmounted with a vast dome five hundred feet high. It was really begun in the year 1248, and is not yet finished. It is exquisitely tasty and grand to look at, but what a monument of error and folly!

The Rhine is so very swift in places, that immense flat-boats are anchored in the middle of it, and used as flouring and grist mills, the strong current moving the powerful water wheels. Skiffs and small boats approach on both sides.

Rotterdam is an old Dutch city, large, low down, full of canals, as of streets, with boats moving in all directions, as so many stages. I don't like the place.

I must soon leave for London.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LETTER: LONDON AND THE ANNIVERSARIES.

APRIL 4. Yesterday I left Rotterdam, and now I am in the great city of Christendom.

To-day I have listened to the preaching of the famous Spurgeon. Truly he is plain, honest, full, earnest, varied, fluent, sometimes eloquent, and seemingly full of the spirit. I shall (D. V.) hear him again, and write you.

Politics here are now running very high, and much is said just now about war. We think religious feeling is, at present, on the increase, and how desirable!

The weather, for a few days, has been as warm as June with us, but summers here are cool. I shall stay so as to attend the spring anniversaries, and then steam away for New York.

April 11. Yesterday I heard Spurgeon twice. There is no doubt about it, the youth of twenty-four is really a great preacher — natural and spiritual. His matter, manner, and style are verily apostolic. I can take no exceptions to his pulpit performance. He appears much like a true modern revivalist or evangelist. His voice is very full, strong, sonorous, and well cultivated. He knows well its skilful use. He sings well. His prayers are long, importunate, and seem to take hold on heaven and earth, having power to prevail, like a prince, with God and men. All present seemed to feel very deeply while he pleaded with God on their behalf. They wept. Ah, here is the secret of his power and success! This was on a stormy, wet morning; but the great Surrey Garden Chapel was full, and thousands stood, within and without, through the whole service of two hours. The chapel will hold thirteen thousand. His audience was made up of high and low; about an average in quality, I should think, of ordinary congregations in London. I saw Lady Burgoyne, her daughter, and a sprinkling of the nobility. The lady has lately been immersed.

Though many of the upper classes hear Spurgeon occasionally, the more eommon people hear him constantly and gladly. I am told that honorables often sit under his melting eloquence with delight. I believe, as he does, that God has given him a partieular and responsible mission to fill. His influence is still increasing, and shedding its genial rays far and wide. May the Lord eonsummate his most glorious work in bringing prodigals home.

The Chureh of England has been wonderfully awakened by recent influences. Religion and temperance are really gaining ground in all the evangelieal denominations, and making some inroad upon others. Bishops, lord bishops, and elders are putting on the reformation coat. I heard the so-ealled Lord Bishop of London the other night at Exeter Hall. He really talked like a spiritual father. I heard, the other evening, the celebrated Methodist preaeher, Puncheon; but how unlike the spiritual Spurgeon! Yet he was very animated, florid, fluent, artistic, pointed, logieal, antithetical, evangelieal. He took a wide range, orator-like, and sustained his influence till the last, holding a crowded and de-

lighted audience of a thousand for a good hour. He refreshed the intellect, but seemed not so much to touch or melt the heart, as the bold, pathetic Spurgeon. His subject was, the all-sufficieney of God. He is an itinerant, and is the most noted preacher among the Methodists. But no endowments or attainments will avail without the power of the Spirit. O that God would sanetify the church, and raise up more Holy Spirit preachers, and send forth more sueessful missionaries! O for a membership of godly lives!

Professor Finney, the distinguished Evangelist from Americe, is preaching here, in the Baptist Church. His audiences are large on Lord's days, but rather small on week-day evenings. I met him as an old aequaintance, took part in the meeting, and heard him preach the other evening with mueh pleasure. He is in good health, quite happy; not so full of fire and physieal power as formerly, but full of unetion and pathos.

The pastor informed me that they were sueceeding very well in their speeial effort. Some youthful preachers have here arisen up, and seem to eclipse their seniors. May God bless the agents

and instruments of his own choosing, — old or young, — and we will rejoice.

The Crystal Palace is some miles out of the city, very large and costly, but much cut up into courts and stalls, and the articles are so badly arranged, that I was not pleased, as I was with our American Palace.

May 1. I will redeem my promise, and say a few things about the anniversaries in London. These usually begin in the latter part of April, and are continued some two weeks. I have spent a month here, and participated in these and in other religious meetings; but they are not equal to ours.

The Baptist Evangelical Society is an association of regular Baptists, for the purpose of maintaining inviolate the distinctive principles of the New Testament, for training candidates for the gospel ministry, and for sustaining missionaries and churches, of the apostolic order. With this body there is no yielding to carnal policy, passion, friends, or fashion, for popularity or converts. Though small, they are yet a power in London, and must prosper, for the truth of God is with them. They, of course, have but little

sympathy from the irregular, mixed, and loose communionists. Our meetings are quite full and interesting. As I was kindly invited to move an important resolution, I there consented to speak. A social tea-party was held between the afternoon and the evening sessions.

The Bible Translation Society was of much interest. Sir S. M. Peto, baronet, took the chair, and made an excellent speech, and was followed by many able speakers. Dr. Steane added much interest, pleasure, and power to the occasion. This society is a great favorite with him, and is similar to the Bible Union in origin, objects, and efforts.

The Baptist Union, with Dr. Ackworth in the chair, had a powerful meeting. Attendance good. Many able speeches were made by Drs. Hinton, Steane, Hoby, Burns, and Evans, and many others, who addressed the meeting at different times. Our dear brother Lehmann, of Berlin, read a most interesting and thrilling paper upon the interests of Christ's kingdom in Germany. He is a very learned, able, and powerful speaker, much like his yoke-fellow and apostolic missionary — brother Onken. God is

truly working wonders by his faithful Evangelists. I will try to get the most important items and statistics for your excellent paper — the American Baptist.

An appeal and certain resolutions were passed to memorialize the Baptist churches in America, on some vexed questions, but with some dissenting voices, fearing for the effects.

Having been kindly invited, by a unanimous vote, to address the meeting, I thanked the Union for their expressed regards for America and myself. I assured them of our brotherly love and reciprocity, and that, whatever their piety and wisdom might suggest, all would be duly appreciated by their good and faithful friends in America, and that they should indulge no fears of hindering the glorious revival, for it was the work of God, and too deeply rooted and established in Christian hearts to be overturned or retarded by a memorial so kind and truthful. Surely it would rather direct, encourage, and strengthen the young and old converts. So by all means let it go. And as to irritating minds and chilling hearts in America by their resolutions and denunciations

of our sins, I assured them that they need have no fearful apprehensions, as we had often heard much severer and more recriminating addresses from our own moral reform advocates. Truth is mighty, and will ever advance the Redeemer's kingdom. Dr. Hoby remarked to me, as I sat down, "You, my dear brother, have said just enough, and that just right."

Then, O, drunkenness! Curse of Great Britain, America, and other nations, — twin sister to the pit, — I cannot describe the horrors that I feel to all slavery, and to thee! Nor can I express the deep disgust and pity that I have felt while witnessing the abominable drinking habits of many in England, of the caste, the common and poor people, of professors of Evangelical religion, and of Christian preachers who minister at God's altar! May the Lord destroy each and all of these great evils and national sins, and give us freedom indeed!

The Baptist Irish Society anniversay, with Hon. Mr. Corderoy in the chair, was well sustained. The speeches were warm, interesting, and moving, as if from Irish hearts, full of truth, love, and heavenly fire.

May 8. The Baptist missionary and farewell meeting was held at Exeter Hall, with the Earl of Carlisle in the chair, and was a full and interesting feast for the conclusion of these anniversaries. Many of the speakers were truly eloquent, especially the Rev. Mr. Puncheon, who several times brought down the house. Brethren Brown and Noel were in their element. I have had a very pleasant and profitable season here.

I have preached for Dr. Jabez Burns, and delivered one lecture on my "Travels in Bible Lands" to his prosperous and appreciative Sunday school. At its close I called for a vote of the school to send their beloved pastor over the same field; (and it was not only carried unanimously, but duly executed the next year, with regards and the fact forwarded to me soon after, in America.) I also preached for brother Willis, and gave an address to Baptist Noel's people on American revivals, and gave also a short sketch of my travels.

London has truly grown much, and improved greatly, since I was here thirteen years ago. I was then an American representative to the World's Temperance Convention, Evangelical

Allianee, and other religious bodies, and had a preeious opportunity for knowledge and improvement, not soon to be forgotten. During my present visit I have seen mueh, enjoyed more, and made many valuable aequaintanees and friends. I have riehly and gratefully shared the kindnesses and hospitalities of our English brethren. May God bless their kind efforts for the peaee, freedom, and evangelization of mankind! I took an affeetionate farewell of my English friends last evening, and took passage for Ameriea, in the German steamship Wezer.

May 20. We arrived in New York, after a rough passage of twelve days, just in time to get the best of the wine of our own anniversaries.

I thank God for his unspeakable graee and providenees during my late, interesting tour, and profitable voyage. I thank my transatlantie friends for their kindness and faithfulness.

I am grateful to the Amerieau Baptist for publishing so well my foreign eorrespondenee, and for its promotion of revivals, temperanee, and liberty, assuring our readers in England and elsewhere that we have many true ministers who do not bow down to elans, slavery, Baal, Baeehus, or easte.

With many thanks and kind wishes, hoping soon to be engaged in gathering in precious revival harvests, I finish this my farewell letter, by subjoining an extract from a New York paper: —

"Rev. Emerson Andrews, widely known to the religious world, returned, some two weeks since, from his European tour, in very good health, and of course in good spirits. He is just the man to see and to enjoy. And we have been greatly interested in the account he has given us of his visits to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, — in which he bathed, — and other points of interest. He preached here last Sabbath, remained in the village for a week, and was a guest, most of the time, of Thomas Jefferson Eddy, Esq."

Bless the Lord, and pray for us! Finally, brethren, farewell.

CHAPTER XXX.

SERMON (IN LONDON): THE GREAT SALVATION.

"How shall we escape, having neglected so great a salvation?"—Heb. ii. 3.

I FEEL truly grateful, my dear brethren, that, in the good providence of God, I am permitted, after twelve long years, to meet you here again.

Many years ago, complying with a generous invitation, I joyfully participated with your dear pastor in the World's Temperance Convention, in the Evangelical Alliance, and in many other religious meetings. Here I addressed you on the subject of temperance, in company with Father Beecher, Dr. Muzzy, and other magnates of Christendom. Here I preached to you the precious gospel; and here, too, I enjoyed

your Christian hospitality and generous kindness.

May the Holy Spirit magnify and apply the text! "Salvation" implies man's fall, moral agency, great guilt, helpless condition, and eternal retribution. "How can we escape, if we neglect salvation?" How escape hell, if we turn our backs on heaven and God?

I. Salvation is infinitely great.

When the Triune Jehovah proclaimed salvation to lost man through Jesus Christ, it was the greatest wonder of the universe. Making the world, or man, or angels, was as nothing compared with it. Herein is wisdom. Creation, on all hands, shows infinite power, goodness, and wisdom; but God has eclipsed all things in the gift of his Son, and "all his mightiest works outdone." No wonder that the angels kept silence for half an hour on hearing the good news! Here is the great masterpiece of the manifold wisdom, grace, and power of Jehovah — the mystery of godliness. Christ is born in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached to the Gentiles, believed on in the world, and received up into glory. There is

our Creator, Redeemer, Advocate, High-priest, Saviour, Physician, Friend, and All.

Salvation is our panacea for all the ills of men — for all the diseases of the immortal soul. Love, mercy, justice, and truth are combined as mighty elements in this great salvation, mingling the divine attributes, like the prismatic colors of the covenant rainbow. "Behold the Lamb of God, which takes away the sin of the world! We are saved from sin, guilt, condemnation, the sting of death, and the horrors of the grave, and made to enjoy peace, righteousness, and all the Christian graces a hundred fold here, and infinitudes of bliss in heaven. O, salvation, how great!

Salvation is precious and costly. Behold the only-begotten Son of God, descending from heaven, born in a manger, working miracles, blessing the needy, persecuted, betrayed, crucified, buried, raised, manifested, ascending, seated, pleading — all that we might be saved! What wonderful, constraining, redeeming love! O, let

"— rocks and hills their everlasting silence break!"

God, angels, and all Christians witness to the

greatness of salvation, while many sinners testify to their utter want of it. It is infinitely worthy of acceptation by all, as it is freely offered to all

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

who fear God, of all times, climes, classes, and nations under the heavens. Can we neglect so great salvation? Salvation gives our only hope,

door, way, truth, life. Let us, my brethren, proclaim the gospel the world over, warning every man, exhorting every man, trying to win all to Christ and heaven.

Sinners of the old world did not escape wrath, nor did wicked Israel, or the Jews; nor will latter-day sinners escape the just judgments of God, or an eternal hell, if they neglect so great salvation. No; never, never!

Let sinners now repent, believe, submit, and be converted, and then be immersed in Jesus' name. How precious is obedience, and the ordinances of the cross! O, let us be faithful to the end, and receive the Lord's benediction and the starry crown. Amen.

I thank you, dear brethren, for your respectful attention this Lord's day morning, and praise God for this and other unspeakable privileges. Should you ever visit America, I shall be glad to receive you, and reciprocate your favors. Brethren, farewell.

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